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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1896.

THE LATEST MENACE TO THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

THE military misfortunes of Italy may, if luck does not turn, affect many interests besides her own. Her disastrous incursions into Abyssinia are the logical outcome of the scheme of colonial conquest inaugurated eleven years ago, when she founded the unprofitable settlement at Massowah, upon the Red Sea. Italy did this under the auspices of England, who, as trustee for Egypt, saw a possible advantage to herself in the presence there of a friendly European Power. Massowah was Egyptian territory, and the English occupation of Egypt itself, menaced by the troublesome tribes of the Soudan, could but be strengthened by an Italian occupation so close to the Soudan region. It was also evident that Italy, once established at Massowah, would be certain to undertake the extension of her empire into adjacent Abyssinia. She could not afford to rest contented with the mere possession of a colony on the edge of the Red Sea. The goal of her ambition would be Abyssinia, which had twice defied the invasions of Egyptian Khedives and destroyed their armies. The natural ally of Abyssinia was and is Russia, and an Italian protectorate over a country adjoining English-ruled Egypt would much better suit Great Britain than a Russian one. So England, for the Khedive, ceded Massowah to Italy.

Italy soon began operations for the conquest of Abyssinia, and secured, after a series of alternate reverses and victories, a certain foothold in the province of Tigre. The Abyssinians were now without a common head, their Emperor, Johannes, having been killed in war with the Soudan dervishes; and the King of Choa, an Abyssinian province, seeing his opportunity, made friends with the Italians, and, with their backing, declared himself Emperor.

Things seemed to be now working the Italian way. The sovereign chiefs of the Abyssinian provinces were engaged in disputes with one another, and the Emperor, who was the nominee of Italy, had accepted a large sum of money from and entered into a treaty with her. This treaty, according to the Italian view of it, established a protectorate over Abyssinia, and it was signed in 1889 at Ucciali. Italy then prosecuted her campaign against the provincial chiefs who had had nothing to say to the treaty, and who, she supposed, would remain divided, to her advantage. But she was not to have a walkover.

Emperor Menelik took the notion of making a critical examination of the Treaty of Ucciali, and discovered that it contained an article which he interpreted as meaning a protectorate, and Italian control of his relations with foreign Powers. He at once protested that he had been deceived, and all the blandishments of Italian diplomacy failed to bring him round. He managed to raise the funds to repay his financial obligations to Rome, and friendly relations between

Abyssinia and Italy were thus ruptured in the very quarter where they had been regarded as absolutely solid.

When Emperor Menelik descended in force upon the Italians they already had several Abyssinian chiefs upon their hands, but had succeeded in beating the latter back toward the South. They also had gone into the North and occupied Kassala, which the Soudanese dervishes had previously held. Kassala was always debatable ground, and the scene of constant struggles in the past between the Khedives of Egypt and the Emperors of Abyssinia. England-in-Egypt looked favorably upon the Italian occupation of Kassala, and formally agreed to it, because it was understood that as soon as Egypt could manage to hold the place Italy would retire. And so long as her presence there meant a blow to the dervishes, whom the Khedive regards as subjects in rebellion, it was acceptable to Egypt. But occupation of Kassala was an error in Italian military policy. It caused the dervishes to form an alliance with the Abyssinian chiefs at war with Italy, and they, to make matters worse, now decided to combine against her under the national standard of Emperor Menelik.

Italy's calculations were thus upset in a very undesirable manner. She had to face the immense army of a united Abyssinia and to watch the dervishes at the same time. Repeated reverses have now culminated in her crushing defeat at Adowa, the latest chapter in her ill-starred colonial history, and which has attracted the attention of the civilized world. By it her prestige as a military Power is seriously threatened, and the political situation at home brought to a dangerous crisis. And it may, if not redeemed, seriously affect the relations between all the other European Powers. Why?

For a number of years it has been generally understood that some sort of secret pact has existed between Italy and England. If Italy were at war with one of her European neighbors a British fleet could render her coast impregnable and leave her free to concentrate all her energies on operations by land. Italy could be of considerable service to England if any combination of Powers tried to force the latter out of Egypt. Through England she acquired the right to colonize on the Red Sea littoral, and there is an Anglo-Italian agreement which defines the boundary line between Egyptian territory and the region where Italy has created her sphere of influence—so-called—and within which she has been contending with Abyssinia. Under certain conditions which may at any time arise, the Soudanese tribes, which are nominally Egyptian subjects, may cause trouble to both Italy, in her colony, and to England, as occupier of Egypt; and in any such event the forces of the Khedive, generated by Englishmen, are, under the above agreement, to co-operate with the Italian troops. Last year, when the Italian statesman, Baron Blanc, defined the international relations of his country with Abyssinia, he distinctly reasserted that Italy claimed a protectorate, under the Treaty of Ucciali, over Emperor Menelik and his people. This announcement caused the Abyssinian ruler to renew his former protest against this pretension, by sending to St. Petersburg an envoy who met with a highly flattering reception at the hands of the Czar. During the present Italo-Abyssinian War it is almost an open secret that Emperor Menelik has received both moral and material aid from Russia.

There have been repeated rumors, within the past two weeks, that the Italian Government has applied to England for monetary aid, and that Lord Salisbury has also been asked to send troops to occupy Kassala, while Italy continues her war with Emperor Menelik. As Kassala is considered Egyptian territory, this might be done without involving England in the fight with Abyssinia, and it would protect Italy from flank attacks from the dervishes. It is difficult to see how England can refuse this, under her agreement with Italy as to co-operation, in case of need, against the dervishes and similar tribes. Could she afford to see Italy driven out altogether, and Russia come in? So far as Emperor Menelik is concerned he does not care whether a foreign Power occupies the section extending landward from Massowah, and which now forms the Italian colony of Erythrea. In fact, under the much-discussed Ucciali Treaty he recognized Italian sovereignty over the colony. But he does not allow that Italy shall go an inch further. If Russia supplanted Italy in Erythrea the situation, while quite agreeable to Abyssinia, would be simply impossible for England, who, acting for Egypt, authorized the Italian occupation and gave every encouragement to the extension of Italian empire. Russia, too, is not the only danger to be apprehended, because France's East African territories are perilously near to the region now dominated by Italy. English prestige in Egypt would be hopelessly discredited were Italy forced to retire for a successor unwilling to fully recognize the *ipse dixit* of the Anglo-Egyptian protectorate.

In Europe the effect of an Italian evacuation of the Red Sea colony would be to produce conditions unpleasant to contemplate. A sum equaling one hundred million dollars, at the lowest estimate, has been sunk by Italy in her various operations there, and she could never hope to get any of it back. Retiring from Erythrea empty-handed, she would also by such a course acknowledge her bankruptcy in military resources, and be in the absurd position of having sur-

rendered all her pretensions in favor of the Power against whom the Triple Alliance, of which she is a member, was in the main projected. To have pursued a kiting policy in Africa solely to benefit Russia, or even France, and simultaneously impair, if not destroy, her usefulness to her own allies—that is simply what a surrender would mean. The Italian crisis, therefore, is not Italian only, but in a sense German, Austrian, and even English. Already it has resulted in the driving from power of Crispi, the mainstay of Italy's adherence to the Triple Alliance. If Germany and Austria desire that Italy should continue as their political partner, they may strive to discover some way in which they can aid her. Her reduction to the rank of a second or third-class Power should, in any event, be contrary to their policy. And Germany, especially, might not care to force Italy too close to England.

England, if she really has a secret "all round" understanding with Italy, wants her as a European as well as an Egyptian ally. And as Italy's downfall on the Red Sea would entail for her a similar catastrophe upon the Mediterranean, England is not likely to let the first event occur. At the time of the original occupation of Massowah, it was generally believed that the Italians would not have undertaken it unless they had good grounds for counting on England's support and future co-operation. Reference has been made to Baron Blanc's statement a year ago, when Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, that Italy would insist on her treaty rights to maintain an Abyssinian protectorate. His announcement was made just at the time when Lord Salisbury had returned to power in England, and when the Italian fleet was visiting English ports and celebrating a love feast there. These two events, remembered in connection with the fact that Baron Blanc's words were received with such favor in the Italian Parliament that the Marquis di Rudini and his party, then in opposition to Crispi's Administration, indorsed the Government's Red Sea policy by voting to close the debate upon it, lend considerable color to the belief that England and Italy understand each other—at least so far as concerns their respective interests in Egypt.

It would be an extraordinary denouement if Italy, driven, as she may yet be, to the wall, and finding Germany, Austria and England each unresponsive to her appeal for aid, were to turn toward France and Russia. Such a contingency, breaking up the existing Triple Alliance and completing the isolation of England, is not impossible. Should it come to pass, the Powers who would have most cause to regret their perfidy in deserting Italy are Great Britain and Germany.

The Marquis di Rudini now succeeds the fallen Crispi in the direction of Italy's affairs. The new Premier has decided on the prosecution of the war in Abyssinia, and once more the Italian struggle for colonial acquisition begins. New generals have gone out to lead the troops, and history will continue to be made. Italy probably can stand the strain on her resources, however close to the wind she may be obliged to sail the Ship of State, provided her army soon achieves some decisive successes. But if the fates prove as unfavorable to General Baldissera as they so recently have been to Baratieri, and another crisis arises—then, indeed, Italy's situation will be precarious, and it will be seen who are her friends and how far she can rely upon their good offices. For then she will need them.

KURIOS

THE GREAT SOUTH CONTINENT.

It is surprising that in view of the efforts made in recent years to discover the North Pole, so little has been done to open up the Antarctic region. Since Sir James Ross discovered the South Victoria continent in 1841, no attempt was made in this direction until 1894, when the steam whaler "Antarctic" went there. Mr. Carsten Egeberg Borchgrevink, who was on the "Antarctic" expedition, will start next summer on another voyage of exploration into the same region. He anticipates important discoveries in connection with the unknown continent.

Mr. Borchgrevink's is an interesting personality. In a recent interview he says of himself: "I was born in Christiania in 1864, and am half Norwegian and half English. I was educated at Gjertsen College, Christiania, and at the Royal College of Tharandt, in Saxony. My principal studies were zoology, mineralogy and botany. Since my voyage to the Antarctic I have lectured in Melbourne and Sydney, the Governors of Victoria and New South Wales presiding. I have also read papers on my Antarctic work before the International Geographical Congress and the British Association, as well as at Berlin, Hamburg, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

"I have always had a desire for such work as this. I have camped out in the snow in Norway, have made long journeys on snowshoes, and have often competed with Nansen in snowshoe contests at our home in Christiania. In fact, had I not been in Australia at the time, I should, in all probability, have been with Nansen on the 'Fram' at this moment. While acting as Government Surveyor in Queensland in 1890 I scaled Mount Lindsay—an altitude of five thousand seven hundred and eleven feet, hitherto unexplored—where Captain Logan, an English traveler, was killed by the

blacks. About this time I heard that a scientific expedition was being organized in Victoria to go to the Antarctic. It did not come off, however. Finally, a commercial expedition was arranged, and I volunteered to go as scientist. Other scientific men wanted to join, but refused when they heard of the hardships they would have to encounter. I had determined to go if possible, and it was only by signing articles as a common sailor before the mast that I was allowed to join the crew of the 'Antarctic.' In order to do this I relinquished my position of teacher of Natural Science in Sydney, where I had founded the Covervull Museum. My studies in Germany and in Norway were peculiarly suited to the work I had in contemplation. Besides, I had been used to roughing it from my boyhood. At fourteen years of age I went to sea in a sailing bark trading between Norway and New York, and was nearly washed overboard. My father, anxious to break me of my love for the sea, asked the skipper to make things as hard as possible for me; but my experiences only made me more enthusiastic than ever. Even after I had left the sea for two years, while in Australia, I never slept under a roof.

"The scientific as well as the commercial results of this undertaking will, in my opinion, be far-reaching. This great continent is a *terra incognita*. Sir James Ross's expedition with the 'Erebus' and the 'Terror' proved the existence of vast new and promising fields for science and commerce, and it seems strange that for fifty-four years the Antarctic solitude should have remained absolutely unbroken. Victoria Land promises to be quite as interesting, and certainly covers a much larger field for scientific work than the North Polar region. The immense continent round the South Pole is certainly not less than Europe in size. From what little I saw of it I am convinced it will prove an invaluable field for the whaling industry, for sealing and for guano. The black whale, the blue whale, and seals are very plentiful, and the 'right' whale—so valuable for its whalebone—is also to be found. So the commercial prospects are good. As regards the scientific work, my main object is to reach the South Magnetic Pole. Magnetical observations in the South are at present not only urgently required for the purposes of navigation, but also for supplying a missing link in our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism. In addition there is, of course, an immense amount of zoological, botanical, geological and other scientific work to be done.

"There is no reason why I should not find a new race of beings, but I hardly regard it as probable. On this point an eminent Antarctic authority has said that if I could penetrate into the heart of this Antarctic continent I might find a Princess of Antarctica and even the remains of paleolithic man. But who can say! One interesting thing I discovered and that was the traces of a large mammal something similar to a white bear.

"The commercial and scientific expeditions, although quite apart, start together—that is to say, the scientific party go as passengers merely. We start from London in the whaler belonging to the commercial expedition of which Mr. Gilbert Bowick, a well-known yachtsman, is one of the leading spirits, and go direct to Melbourne, where we coal. The scientists will number twelve men headed by myself. They will be equipped with huts, dogs, sledges and ski. After completing our preparations at Melbourne we shall sail due south to Cape Adair, the most northerly part of Victoria Land. There we shall leave the ship, which will proceed on its whaling expedition. After fixing our camp and preparing for the winter the expedition will be split, I with four or five others starting for the interior with snowshoes, dogs and sledges. Going in the direction of the South Magnetic Pole, we shall have a trip under similar conditions and of about an equal length to Nansen's Greenland journey. After an absence of about three months we hope to return to the coast party, who in the meantime will have been busy exploring the bays and the coast line. Then we shall all settle down for the winter, at the close of which—that is in January, '07—the whaler is to call for us and convey us back to civilization."

WHO IS MR. SHAKESPEARE?

A NEW planet has been discovered in the dramatic firmament—or, at least, that part of it which covers New York. As we go to press we read announcements to the effect that at three theatres in this city are being presented plays by one William Shakespeare. Who Mr. Shakespeare is or what are his personal characteristics, other than an abnormal modesty, we are at a loss to say. He has thus far kept himself persistently in the background. At none of the three performances noted did he appear before the curtain in response to the applause intended for the actors, to make a long and egotistically tiresome speech assuring the audience of his appreciation of its friendliness and of his desire to elevate the stage. Nor have his press agents flooded the dramatic columns of the daily papers with entertaining little anecdotes concerning his personality, his habits, the clothes he wears, the brand of cigarettes he smokes or his bad morals—if he has any. Nor has he been pictured in a dozen different attitudes with backgrounds of library shelves and photographers' landscapes. Not a printed line have we seen, not a trumpet blast have we heard to announce his coming.

These evidences of bashfulness are as startling as they are novel, but hardly less startling in its novelty is the character of the plays he has presented. We have been told that they have been produced elsewhere and have been favorably, even enthusiastically, received; but to New York audiences they have come as a revelation. He has shattered all the traditions of the metropolitan stage. If he had embarked on his enterprise with that single purpose in view he could not have succeeded more completely. His pieces are absolutely free from all the features which we have come to consider as essentials in the make-up of a successful drama. There are no skirt dancers, no serpentine dancers, no Oriental dancers; no living pictures, no Triby burlesques, no "sidewalk talks." There is no grotesque comedian who "gags" and talks in Rialto slang of "big dates" and "one night stands" and ghost walkings; no tramp who juggles lighted cigars and beer-mugs; no topical songs padded with pointed allusions to local reform, the new woman or Police Commissioner Roosevelt; no bachelor maid, no spinster boy, no horse-clergyman—not even a horse race, a real fire engine or a shipwreck in mid-ocean. In fact these plays are absolutely devoid of all the features that have hitherto been considered necessities in the making of the modern drama. He seems to confine himself entirely to the telling of a concise, ingeniously contrived story in poetic language and with appropriate adjuncts of costume and scenery.

There are, to be sure, tights galore—and in one piece, *yclept* "Julius Caesar," flesh tights exclusively—but, strange to say, they are worn by the men in the play, not the women. He seems to threaten a complete revolution in stage art, a shattering of all our accepted and approved conventions. It remains to be seen how this new movement will be received. The New York public is not slow to help on a new movement if its efficacy and importance can be fitly demonstrated; but Mr. Shakespeare will have to do good work if he wishes to convince us that his move is in the right direction. It is not sufficient for us to know that the rest of the country has set the seal of its approval on him and his plays. We must have more than that before we let any man rob us of our cherished light-heeled frivolity and spectacular buffoonery. We await with anxiety a further demonstration of Mr. Shakespeare's ability.

COMES.

TWO CANDIDATES IN THE FIELD.

MCKINLEY of Ohio and Allison of Iowa are now formally before the Republican voters of the nation as candidates for the Presidential nomination at St. Louis. The money plank of each candidate is appended:

MCKINLEY'S MONEY PLANK.

"We contend for honest money, for a currency of gold, silver and paper with which to measure our exchange that shall be as sound as the Government and as untarnished as its honor, and to that end we favor bimetalism and demand the use of both gold and silver as standard money, either in accordance with a ratio to be fixed by an international agreement (if that can be obtained) or under such restrictions and such provisions to be determined by legislation as will secure the maintenance of the parties of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold or paper, shall be at all times equal."—Financial plank of Ohio platform, drawn by William McKinley, and adopted by the Convention at Columbus, March 11.

ALLISON'S MONEY PLATFORM.

(Adopted by the Iowa State Convention, which nominated him March 11, at Des Moines.)

"If the dominant issue is to be finance, then no man in the nation has a greater reputation for financial resourcefulness and constructiveness and soundness, a fact conspicuously recognized by the pressure of Presidents Garfield and Harrison upon him to take the portfolio of the Treasury in their respective Administrations. He has been favorable to a true bimetalism, and he has at all times labored to maintain an abundant currency of gold, silver and paper, made interchangeable and equal to the best currency of the commercial world. He has demanded for the business of the nation a currency equitable and stable, free from the oscillations so dangerous to business interests and so unjust to the wage-earners of the nation, whose thousands of millions of annual wages and many thousand millions of credit in savings banks and other forms constitute them the great creditor class of the nation."

Readers of the WEEKLY need not be told that we favor the whole American policy, including both protection and bimetalism. This is the first journal in the Union that took the ground that protection and bimetalism must stand or fall together. The other prominent Republican candidate, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, is on record somewhat to the same effect. It is not yet, however, a recognized Republican principle that the two are mutually dependent—the possibility of a 16 to 1 ratio and the development of the internal resources of the country under a protective tariff.

Nothing can be clearer, nevertheless, than that this new country cannot submit to the Old World dear money any more than it can contend against Old World competition in the industrial world. The political party, or the candidate, who will bring this issue fairly forward, together with ways and means to bring about the twofold result involved, is sure of the favor of an overwhelming majority at the polls next November. The American people are not in favor—perhaps—of "free silver"; but they are not in a mood just now to give up one of the two vital parts of the American

system—bimetalism. It can be shown that the gold standard would make prosperity under protection a very improbable if not impossible eventuality. The WEEKLY has demonstrated this on former occasions. The "sound money" men in both parties will do well to keep close to silver by all means—if they can conscientiously do so.

THE FALL OF KUMASSI.

THE British expedition into Ashantee has been promptly and effectively brought to a conclusion. The objects of the expedition have been accomplished without any fighting, the most serious foes encountered being fever and ague.

Kumassi was occupied early on January 17 by the native allies and Houssas, under Major Baden Powell and Major Gordon. The working of the field telegraph corps was the cause of much wonder to the natives. Three white soldiers and four men of the native levies carried a large reel of telegraph wire, and established communication as they went. Thus, the fact of the arrival of the advance guard in Kumassi was known in London within a few minutes of its occurrence. Prempeh's capital is not worthy the name of a town; it is merely a collection of little villages of mud huts.

Early in the morning, long before the arrival of Sir Francis Scott, the native drummers had been busy. Louder and louder grew the hideous din until, in the direction of the palace, great colored umbrellas were seen bobbing about above a surging crowd of natives. The King was coming to receive the white man in state. Before him came the drummers, beating incessantly on drums decorated with human skulls, and trumpeters blowing with equal persistence horns of elephant tusks. The royal party advanced to the open space where Major Baden Powell's men were formed up in hollow square. On one side of the space Prempeh took up his station. Before him three dwarfs, clad in scarlet, danced like maniacs, while the drums and elephant horns kept up a ceaseless din. Prempeh, who is somewhat dissipated in appearance, is a man of about thirty years of age. He sat upon a lofty throne with a huge umbrella over him. Upon his head was a black and gold crown, and on his arms and neck were large gold beads and nuggets. His yellow face was shining with oil, and the stupid expression of his countenance was not improved by his habit of sucking a charm which resembled a large cigar. Huddled about him, seated on chairs or squatting according to their degree, were vassal kings, chiefs and court officials. Close beside the King sat the Queen Mother and her attendants, all with heads shaved. This royal group had sat in this fashion for several hours before Sir Francis Scott arrived. Soon after reaching the town Sir Francis Scott and his staff summoned Prempeh to come before them. He came without a word, and was told that he would have to make his submission, in accordance with native customs, to the Governor of the Gold Coast when the latter should arrive.

ONE-CENT LETTER POSTAGE.

FROM an address delivered before the American Newspaper Publishers' Association by the chairman of the committee on one-cent postage, we make the following extract: "There is a most important feature in connection with the reduction of letter postage which thus far has not received the attention which its importance warrants. I allude to the effect which one-cent letter postage per half-ounce would have in stimulating new business. Newspaper publishers realize the effect which cheaper facilities have in suggesting new ideas and plans for the development of business. This is also well known to the wide-awake merchant; but it is, perhaps, not so clear to professional men and to those who are not aggressive in extending their business. But when we refer to statistics, we find that in 1884, when letter postage was reduced thirty-three and one-third per cent, the reduction in the revenue for that year amounted to only four per cent, showing the remarkably enterprising propensity of the American people to promptly increase their use of facilities when the cost is cheapened. In the light of past experience, is it not safe to predict that in a very short time the revenue from one-cent letter postage per half-ounce will fully equal, and even exceed, the present revenue at the existing rate?"

USEFUL NEWSPAPER CATALOGUE.

WE are just in receipt of the 1896 issue of Dauchy & Company's Newspaper Catalogue. This work is issued annually and has become so familiar to advertisers, newspaper publishers, and others who are interested in the periodical publications of the country that it hardly needs extended notice from us. It is no faint praise to say that this edition is fully up to those of previous years. The book is a large volume of 710 pages, well bound in cloth, carefully printed from large and clear type, and on heavy paper; so that, mechanically, nothing better could be desired. The statistics are very conveniently arranged, and the peculiar feature of a ruled space for memoranda against each paper makes this catalogue the most useful one published. Advertisers and others who have occasion to use a newspaper directory regularly, know how necessary it is to make memoranda as to contracts, changes, etc., against the names of the papers, and this is the only work in which a space is provided for this purpose. This Newspaper Catalogue is a credit to its publishers, Messrs. Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York, from whom it can be obtained.

AS TO CERTAIN LITERATURE.

WE are in receipt of a circular from a committee of New York publishers, asking for an editorial in opposition to the Loud Bill. This measure aims to readjust the list of second-class publications that are entitled to a rate of one cent a pound. The WEEKLY has already offered arguments against the present unfair and loose classification of second-class mail matter; and our readers know that we are in favor of the Loud Bill. The publishers' circular offers no argument on the subject that has not already been answered. However, as the circular is a formal statement of the case against the Loud Bill, it is entitled to a formal reply.

The first contention of the "publishers" is that the humblest schoolboy and other humble people have had good literature placed before them under the present liberal postal laws, and that the Loud Bill will "crush" this class of literature. The reply to this is, that the cause of good literature has not, on the whole, been furthered by the present one-cent rate. On the contrary, the two principal classes of literature aided have been, first, the vile stories for young people, and the cheap-at-any-price magazines. As for good literature, it is a well-known fact that the good literature published in paper covers is sold by actual subscription, at the publisher's expense for his own agencies; while the good new literature in cloth-bound volumes must pay eight cents a pound. Anyhow, why should the United States Mail pay any publisher's freight on books and periodicals not sold, as is done under the present arrangement?

This question brings us to the second, third and fourth arguments of the circular against the Loud Bill. They are worth giving word for word:

"2. It [the Loud Bill] excludes from the mails as second-class matter all 'sample copies' of newspapers and periodicals, thus depriving all publications of one of the most valuable methods not only of extending their circulations, but of securing new subscribers to take the places of those who die or drop out for various causes. It therefore means the general depletion of newspaper circulations.

"3. It increases the rate of postage upon 'returns' to news agents from one cent to four cents per pound, thus seriously crippling the circulation of that large class of periodicals that are sent out 'on sale.'

"4. It permits the mailing of periodicals at the pound rate to subscribers only, and defines a subscriber as one who 'voluntarily orders and pays for the same.' Under this definition a person whose subscription has lapsed and has not been renewed is not a subscriber, and copies of a periodical sent to other than advance-paying subscribers could be excluded. This is a direct blow at the local country newspaper."

It is needless to comment on these three reasons. They "speak for themselves." The publishers' circular simply asks that publishers, who cannot pay the expenses of their own business, need the "sample copy" feature to get new subscribers; that publications sent out "on sale" ought to have the privilege of a "return," for otherwise the expense of bringing back unsold copies will seriously cripple that kind of business. Some of this "on sale" literature is worth more to the country on its "return" than on its first mailing; but instead of making a special return rate for it, the proper plan is to compel the publishers of it to pay their own freight both ways.

The tightest pinching of the shoe is no doubt felt in Reason 4. The pound rate is to be confined to actual subscriptions only; and a subscriber is defined as a person who voluntarily orders and pays for a publication. Of course, the real meaning of popular postage rates, the basis of the system whereby Government sometimes agrees to carry mail at a slight loss, is that the public may be more conveniently served with means of enlightenment, that will eventually promote the general welfare. If there is any one way to make this public need known with certainty, it is by a bona fide subscription. Cheap postage—even free postage—is defensible on this constitutional ground of the "general welfare" as a result of the spread of intelligence. But certain publishers have come to look upon this as if it read the other way. Cheap postage is for the benefit of the publisher, first, who is then expected to further the general welfare in his own way. The fact is, however, that this is a matter for the people to decide. And the subscription is the best method of doing it.

Reasons Nos. 5 and 6 are as follows: "5. It requires publishers who are permitted to mail matter of the second class to separate the same, before mailing, into United States mail sacks or bundles by States, cities, towns and counties, as the Postmaster-General may direct, thus forcing every publisher to establish in his office a miniature post-office, and entailing great extra expense.

"6. It is estimated that the enactment of this measure will reduce the consumption of white paper to the extent of 100,000 tons annually. That means 100,000 tons less of paper to be made, so much less printing, typesetting, electrotyping and binding. It means that hundreds of thousands of workmen and women will be thrown out of employment, entailing distress and calamity the extent of which can hardly be estimated."

The fifth complaint of the "publishers" looks like rubbing it in, on the Government mail bags. Why, these good, easy people will not sort and classify their packages—something that would certainly pay any business to do for itself. The complaint that the publishing office would be turned into a miniature post-office may be offset by the other one, that the post-office is now a free mailing-room for publishers—and not a miniature one, either. We have answered No. 6 before, to the effect that, when worthless literature is out of the way, owing to Uncle Sam's refusal to pay the freight for these needy publishers, the best books and periodicals will be furnished at living prices, better work will be done, better wages paid, and most of the labor-saving devices now employed in getting out this other "literature" will be thrown in the scrap heap to make room for good workmen.

We have given the Loud Bill more than usual attention for several weeks; but it touches a great public question and is worthy of careful study. A prominent publisher, speaking of this last argument, that working people will be thrown out of employment, said: "It



MR. CARSTEN EGERBERG BORCHGREVINK.

does not follow that there will be hundreds and thousands of men and women thrown out of employment by any means, nor does it mean that there will be much less white paper used. People will buy one class of books; these books they will put in their libraries and keep them from generation to generation and read them with pleasure. The white paper which is used in most of those cheap books is of the cheapest kind and the books are seldom kept. Once read, the book is flung away. There certainly will not be as much of this cheap paper made up. Who is employed in the manufacturing of the present cheap novel? Scarcely any person but the typesetter, printer and a few others, and there is no good book published now with whose production the passage of the Loud Bill will interfere. On the contrary, in a better form, printers will get better prices for printing books, folders will get better prices for folding them, and all through the manufacturing of these books there will be a great deal more cloth and leather used, and on the whole it will give a great deal more employment to people. It is all nonsense to say that a book worth reading will not be printed if the Loud Bill passes."

SPANISH SOLDIERS ATTACK THEIR COMRADES.

A costly mistake on the part of the Spanish troops in Cuba is reported in recent dispatches from the island. Two detachments met and engaged in mortal combat, each under the impression that it was engaged with the rebels, the error not being discovered until heavy loss had been sustained. This is the second incident of the kind reported since the war commenced.

The affray occurred on a plantation near Marianno, west of Havana, where the rebels had attacked a plantation, burning the cane mills and other buildings. The Spanish troops stationed in the vicinity saw the flames and rushed to the scene. One party of Spanish troops reached the plantation first, threw up intrenchments and awaited the attack of the rebels.

A second Spanish party arrived later composed of part of a column operating under a lieutenant-colonel, who had hurriedly gathered his forces and marched in that direction. Upon being challenged he answered that it was the San Quintin battalion. The first party of Spanish mistook the name for Quintin Banderos and opened fire. The other answered and charged bayonets. Great confusion ensued, which was heightened by the flames and smoke.

Before either party of combatants realized the blunder, the fiercest fighting since the war began was indulged in. Official reports say the wounded and killed number forty-four, including a captain and two lieutenants. The San Quintin intrenched troops suffered no loss.

THE "BERMUDA" HAS SAILED.

The "Bermuda" is off at last. After waiting more than two weeks the Cuban filibuster made her second and successful attempt to put out with a cargo of arms and ammunition for the insurgents. She cleared on Saturday for Vera Cruz and other Mexican ports, but nobody doubts that her actual destination is Cuba. She carries in her hold all the arms and ammunition destined for her first abortive venture, which were captured on the tug "Strannahan" by the United States marshals, and whose ownership has since been adjudicated in the Federal courts. She has a crew of more than thirty men. Her cabin is filled with sympathizers in the insurgent cause. How great or how small is their number is a secret known only to the leaders of the enterprise.

The "Bermuda's" fore hold is filled with arms, ammunition and coal. Her after hold, up to the hour of her departure, was sealed against all inquiries. It may be stored with arms; it may have been a place of concealment for scores of men. In any case the successful filibuster of the "Bermuda," which was consummated on Saturday, was larger in its scope than that whose success was prevented three weeks ago by Federal interference.

It is reported that Calixto Garcia is on board the "Bermuda." The vessel is in command of "Johnnie"

O'Brien, a Hell Gate pilot, with a record as a daring and successful filibuster. He is said to have received five thousand dollars for his share in the hazardous venture. The vessel is coaled for a journey of at least thirty days.

LET US KEEP JOSE.

An extraordinary freak of Nature has turned up at the immigrant station on Ellis Island, under the name of Jose Maria. Whence he comes or what he is the authorities are at a loss to say. He is described as resembling Johanna, the educated Chimpanzee at the Central Park Zoo, more than any other living creature. He has a retreating forehead, no chin to speak of, an expansive grin, a carpet-bag and about one dollar and a half in German coin. A tag attached to his carpet-bag bears the inscription: "Jose Antonio, China Rua de Maneel, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil." The interpreters have tried every known tongue on him, but the only response they have succeeded in eliciting is an inarticulate gurgle. The Emigration Commissioner will take steps to have him returned, as he is likely to become a charge on the country. In this, however, he is unwise. Such a creature as Jose would be invaluable on the Board of Aldermen or the police force, and if eleven more like him could be procured we could establish here a stock jury that would be the wonder of the age. By all means preserve Jose Maria for jury duty.

MCKINLEY.

The Republican primaries March 14 at York, Pa., resulted in a victory for Governor McKinley. Senator Quay, the second choice, was beaten 10 to 1. Fish Commissioner James A. Dale and R. H. Shindle, the opposing candidates for National delegates, are both claiming the county. Dale carried York by 19 to 13 and Shindle carried Hanover 7 to 1.



It is rarely that we are called upon to record three simultaneous Shakespearean productions in such an uncongenial clime as that of New York. Yet such is the case. At Daly's, Palmer's and the Broadway the classic drama is being presented in a manner worthy of a more appreciative public than is to be found in New York. However, the projectors of these enterprises will have the satisfaction—if, indeed, it is any satisfaction—of knowing that they are working for a good end, and that they may look forward, at least to the proverbial reward of virtue. It is to be feared, though, that there will be little of a more substantial nature to requite them for their pains. The metropolitan taste is too debased to properly appreciate the classic drama. It is a sad admission to make and the sadder for its truth.

It may be, however, that a revolution is at hand and that the public, sated with inanity and obscurity, is turning for relief to healthy mental food. The taste of the multitude is easily satisfied, and what costs it the least mental effort soonest accomplishes that end. Arguing from these premises it can easily be seen how it was gradually weaned from the classic to lighter and less intellectual forms of the drama. By pandering to this tendency the projectors of theatrical ventures had little difficulty in drawing both the attention and the dollars of the people to entertainments that became worse year by year. The descent was easy, and the public appetite grew with what it fed on, so that from accepting tacitly what was merely weak and harmless it grew to crave what was noxious and harmful. The greed for the almighty dollar proved a sufficient incentive to the purveyors of entertainment, and in the struggle for patronage they vied with each other in their efforts to produce sensational effects and fleshly appeals. This condition has existed in its most aggravated form during the last two seasons and it seems as if a reaction has set in. The inevitable result of such a revulsion of feeling will be a return to the normal standard and a revival of interest in the classic drama. It is just at an opportune moment, therefore, that Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellevue, and George C. Miln have commenced their combined assault on the New York public. What will be the immediate result, whether or not they will profit pecuniarily by their efforts, it is of course impossible to say; but it may be confidently hoped that they will bring about ultimate good.

Even a mediocre performance of a Shakespearean play is a welcome relief in these degenerate days, hence it was with joy that I hailed the coming of Mr. George C. Miln to the Broadway with his presentation of "Julius Caesar." As a production, however, this could hardly be classed as mediocre, although individually the players, with few exceptions, fell far short of distinguishing

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

THE City of Washington is an object of perennial interest to all patriotic Americans. Not alone because it is the great throbbing heart of the mightiest and grandest Republic the earth has ever known, but also on account of its material magnificence. All Americans take pride in its beautiful avenues, majestic architecture, stately homes, and well-stored galleries and museums as things of grandeur and beauty in themselves, apart from the historic interest with which they are invested. It is a hope and aspiration of all "YOUNG AMERICA," at least, at some time or other to visit the Capital of his country.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. offers unequalled facilities in aid of this desire. All its through trains between New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore on the east, and Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago on the west, pass through Washington. Its fast Express trains are vestibuled from end to end and heated with steam. Pullman's latest and best productions in the way of sumptuous Drawing Room Sleeping Cars are attached to all its through trains. The present management of the B. & O. has made vast improvements in the last two years, and the road is to-day one of the foremost passenger carrying lines in the country. Through tickets via B. & O. R. R. can be procured at all principal ticket offices throughout the United States.

themselves. The piece was handsomely mounted, the performance, if not great, was at least dignified, and the classic atmosphere was very well maintained throughout.

The honors belong without any question to Mr. John Malone and Miss Mary Shaw. Mr. Malone's Brutus was dignified, intelligent and at times tender; it was at all times sincere and earnest, and in the most trying scenes—the interview in the garden with Portia, the forum scene and the quarrel with Cassius in the tent—it was unusually effective. Mr. Malone brought more than average intelligence and the fruit of long experience to the portrayal of his character and the result was

Mrs. James Brown Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew are now in the third week of their engagement in "Romeo and Juliet" at Daly's. The play is produced with all the magnificence and wealth of detail for which Mr. Daly has always been famous, for it is under his management that these two stars are playing. The scenery, costumes, music and accessories are equal to anything he has yet put forth and nothing is spared to make the production a success.

Mrs. Potter deserves a deal of commendation for the ambition she has shown, the untiring efforts she has put forth in the face of many obstacles since entering on her histrionic career. Many another actress would have succumbed to the opposition and adverse criticism to which she has been subjected. But she has persevered and now her ultimate triumph is beyond question. In Mr. Daly Mrs. Potter has found a manager who will develop her talents to their fullest and give the finishing touches to the work accomplished by the last few years of severe experience. Mrs. Potter has earned her honors, and it is to be hoped that under the skillful tutelage of Mr. Daly still greater are in store for her.

A notice of this production would be incomplete without a word about the work of Mr. Bellew as Romeo, Mr. Redmund as Mercutio and Mrs. W. G. Jones as the Nurse. Mrs. Jones is an actress of the old school and her methods are worthy of careful study by our younger players. The others of the cast do not merit special mention individually, but the performance, as a whole, is a splendid presentation.

What secret enmity do the daily papers bear toward the Empire stock company in general and Mr. Henry Miller in particular? I confess that after reading the criticisms of "Bohemia" in Tuesday morning's papers it was with much misgiving that I went to see the performance that evening. I was prepared to record a failure and deal with it as charitably as possible; and prepared, too, to witness a very tiresome portrayal of his character by Mr. Miller. In both, I am pleased to say, I was agreeably disappointed. "Bohemia," as adapted by Mr. Clyde Fitch from the French of Mürger and Barrière, is a breezy, entertaining little comedy dealing with that ever fascinating theme, life in the Bohemian quarter in Paris. A young poet renounces a fortune and casts his lot with his Bohemian friends. The usual consequences of impecuniosity and want ensue. He falls in love with a pretty milliner; the uncle and an old servant conspire to break off the match, and the play almost ends in disaster. The plans of the uncle are thwarted, however, and the curtain descends on peace and content in the little Bohemian circle.

Mr. Miller was effective and convincing as Rudolph, except for that eccentric-looking beard. Why is it that in stageland a man's beard never grows lower down than the edge of his jaws? Is it something in the atmosphere? Mr. Faversham was inclined at times to be too self-conscious, but otherwise offended not. Mr. Dodson gave a delightfully droll performance as Schau-mard, the musician. Miss Viola Allen, as Mimi, was a

delight alike to the eye, the ear and the mind, and Miss May Robson in a small character part was equal to herself.

That the late Dion Boucicault was a master hand at playmaking few will deny. Even at this late day his plays have a freshness and a charm that few of the productions of the present generation of playwrights will show after the same lapse of time. The evidence of this virility and power to draw can be found in the reception accorded to "The Shaughraun" as presented at the American Theatre by Aubrey Boucicault, the playwright's son. Though a change in public taste and the passing of the novelty of the play has driven it from Broadway to Eighth Avenue, still the stirring situations, the simple story and the characteristic wit and humor are as effective as in other days. "The Shaughraun" is a model of its kind, a fit subject for careful study by our present-day makers of comedy-drama.



KING PREMPEH AWAITING SIR FRANCIS SCOTT'S ARRIVAL.
Drawn from life.

more than satisfactory. The part of Portia affords but few opportunities to a good actress, but these few were used to good advantage by Miss Shaw. A tender, loving and lovable Portia was this wife of Brutus. Their scene together in the garden deserved all the applause it received and more. Mr. Jewett's Cassius was too noisy to be good, and the same might be said of Mr. Miln's Antony. Caesar was so utterly lacking in dignity and otherwise so incapable that it is best not to mention his name. Mr. Power, however, deserves a word of praise for his spirited performance of the small part of Octavius Caesar; it was worthy of a better opportunity.



KING PREMPEH'S MARCH FROM KUMASSI TO CAPE COAST CASTLE.

The mantle of the elder Boucicault has not fallen squarely on his offspring's shoulders and the latter's performance of Conn falls considerably short of that of the originator of the role, but the garment has brushed him in passing and a flavor of that other Conn can sometimes be detected. The portrayal, though, is not lacking in humor and spirit and promises well. Miss Kate Ryan presented a very lifelike picture of Mrs. O'Keely and Mr. Justin Adams was dignified and priestly as Father Dolan. Miss Sadie Martinot, the co-star with Mr. Boucicault, was far from satisfying. She has outgrown such parts as Moya—she is too matronly, too ponderous. She should be advised and try something else. The rest of the cast was capable and satisfactory, with the exception of Mr. William Herbert, who gave an execrably bad performance of Harvey Duff. THESPIAN.



Sir Francis Scott

Governor Maxwell

Prempeh

Colonel Kemper

The Queen Mother

THE SUBMISSION OF KING PREMPEH—THE FINAL ACT OF HUMILIATION.

PARABLES OF THE PERIOD. A TALE OF TANGLED TONGUES.

"Heeh, mon!"

The words were spoken, not within earshot of some "Lonely shieling in the misty isle"

of Scotland, but upon a crowded part of Sixth Avenue, in the whirling city of New York. The speaker had not, in his personal appearance, the remotest resemblance to the typical Scot. He wore neither kilt, tartan, nor bonnet. He was just an every-day American citizen—the last person in the world from whom to expect such an aggressively Gaelic exclamation, and the man to whom he addressed himself was clearly astonished. Not only astonished, but positively pained—if his expression of countenance was an index to his feelings. His reply was given in simple English:

"Good gracious, Van Amsterdam! I've not seen you for an age."

"Aw, jist a puir neglectit bairn, freend. All ma neepers in this big toon hae tairned their backs on me."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Aweel, it's no makin' secrets I be. The fowk weell be speirin' at me sin' I got readin' Fairgus MacPhairson-MacLaren's bonny stories in the magazines, and in buiks I get frae the libraries. Hoot, mon, awn nae the waur an' American suizeen fortye I read tales of Auld Scotland. As weell be out o' th' world as not in the fashion, an' ye ken that these Scotch writers hae the floor with all the editors an' readin' public on baith sides o' the herrin' pond."

"My dear fellow, I like Scotch stories myself, as well as any one could, but I fail to see why we should put Sir Walter Scott and the other old favorites on the shelf. After I had destroyed three sets of teeth trying to pronounce the words in the last Scotch novel by Angus MacTangus—the very latest addition to the tremendous crop of dialect writers who are now monopolizing the literary field—I realized that life was not long enough to permit of my giving any further time to the hopeless task of mastering the mysteries of half a million words of an unknown tongue contained within the covers of an average story by one of them."

Van Amsterdam looked at him sadly:

"Ye muckle to be peetied, freend. Ye kin see that I hae got used to it. It's a wheen easier nor ye theenk, gin a boly gies a' his mind to it, an' it suggested to me a new occupation. I'm now gettin' five dollars an hour intairpreetin' MacLaren an' MacTangus to readin' fowk that's curious to know what Scotch stories is all about."

"But, my dear fellow, you are paying a great penalty. You are forgetting, in your enthusiastic pursuit of untangling MacTangus, the knowledge of plain English for which you have always been noted. I see, however, that you have lucid intervals. Occasionally a straight English sentence punctuates the wild waste of Gaelic dialect you seem unable to entirely repress. Perhaps there is yet hope for you."

"Ye ken, I'm like a mither to the puir bodies—"

"What 'poor bodies'?"

"Them as hae sicba ma' weets as tae be whumled over the readin' o' Scotch novels, an' need schuilin' intil it. It's a guid lessin in patience, though, an' when I get to the end o' my hour's readin' o' MacTangus til wae o' them, he'll say: 'I wadna be sorry to rist a bit.' 'Aweel,' I says, 'it's a bit eerie readin', an' I wadna gie ye mair nor ane hour o' it at ane time. Still, ye'll be proud o' yersel' when ye kin understand it all without me bein' wath ye, an' know that yer not like other fowk as reads Scotch stories jist because it's feeshionable, an' couldna tell after what it all meant. An' it's unco sair wark readin' 'em, gin ye dinna tak' lessins. I knew wath that set up a' nicht ower MacTangus's last, an' at cock crawin' he was a high dementit cratur."

"I am not surprised," said Van Amsterdam's friend. "And I should say both you and your pupils earn what you gain—you the money and they the knowledge. I heard that there is likely to be a strike among the proof-readers in the printing offices where these Scotch stories are set up. One publisher who bought the American rights of three MacTangus tales within six months—for these authors are wonderfully prolific—can't keep a proofreader in the establishment. They all resign before the book comes out. Perhaps this will have the effect of stopping the flood of such works after a while?"

"I wadna hae ye say the like to ony ither nor me, freend. Eggs, mon! Ye're nae sic a gowk as t' believet yer ane words. There's twa muckle sillier in the Scotch story, baith fer writer an' publisher. Heeh! ye're to be peetied, gin ye think sic buiks'll stap prentin'. As quick as they can be written they'll come out, for the public'll gie 'em a hearnin' at baith lugs. There's braw thochts in thae buiks, mon."

"I dare say; but the task of getting at them through the thick crust of dialect in which they are imbedded occupies rather more time than people can very well spare in these busy days, and to be obliged to read light literature with a glossary in one's hand is too much like work. For my part, I always feel as if I had been barking my shins while trying to walk in the dark through a room crowded with furniture, when I got to the end of one of these Scotch dialect stories. I confess I can only find time for literature 'ready made' as it were."

"I think ye're jist in a bit need o' an hour a day wath me, freend, an' before a month I'll gairantee ye'll hae MacTangus at yer finger's onds. Abins he's the harder t' master nor MacLaren, an' fortye ye kin sae ye know him weell frae title-page t' feenish, ye kin wrastle wath ony wan o' 'em, an' throw 'em every time. Aw doot ye no hae a glimp intil the hantle o' beauties there is t' be found in thae dialect tales an' ye laikit fer 'em, mon. Cam hame wi' me the nicht an' tak' dinner. I'll gie ye a cock-a-leekie broth, an' an hour's free drull in dialect, till ye see hoo ye'd like me t' gie ye a course o' lessins. Ye maun no be skairt if the readin' gars the hoose a tremblin', for MacTangus's dialect is that strang."

"Cock-a-leekie for dinner and a MacTangus Scotch dialect novel for dessert would be a most harmonious combination, I admit. The first would fortify one against the strain of listening to the second, and the

second would act as a digester to the first. Thanks for your invitation. What hour do you dine?"

"Seex o'clock, so's t' alloo a lang evenin' for the buik readin', an' gie me a chance t' brack ye intil the dialect. An', gin yer a drouthy thrapple, I'll hae a bottle o' guid Scotch whuskey."

"To wash down the dialect? Excellent! and it will ease the strain on both of us."

So they parted, and Mr. Van Amsterdam's friend encountered, on the next block, an eminent physician, of high repute in the treatment of mental ailments, and with whom he was on terms of intimacy. They had some conversation on the case of Van Amsterdam.

"No," said the great doctor, "no, it is not incurable. Neither is it strictly to be diagnosed as insanity. Being a comparatively new phase of mental disturbance, we have not had the opportunity for such extensive observation as in other and older maladies. Van Amsterdam's is a remarkably interesting example. His friends have been to see me about him, and were contemplating some legal action looking to the appointment of a committee to control his person and estate. But as I explained to them, medical science recognizes that in this curious affliction, to which we have given the name of Dialectic Caledoniasis, the victim is invariably possessed with an abnormal power of taking care of himself. The traditional Scotch 'canniness,' in fact, appears to be acquired along with the dialect. The affliction usually develops after the third Scotch novel has been read; the victim gradually abandons the use of the English tongue, and substitutes for it an indescribable patois resembling the conversation of the characters in the novels, of which he reads omnivorously, and is dominated by the idea that it is his appointed mission to make every one else read them, too. In this way he soon becomes a terror to his friends, who, in self-protection, are forced to flee his society. Sometimes these symptoms are accompanied by a craze for indulging in the game of golf, and, in more violent cases, by an extravagant taste for Scotch costume. I know of one instance where the victim insisted upon wearing a kilt, and he even went so far as to shave his mustache and grow sidewhiskers, which he actually dyed red!"

"The remedy? Well, I have known of complete cures being effected by having the victim shut up for an entire day, and being obliged to listen to several persons reading aloud, at one time, the latest books by the leading Scotch dialect writers. This, however, is a drastic remedy, and I advise it only as the last resort. Another, and a milder prescription, which has been effectively administered is to send the victim on a visit to Scotland. This is what we expect to do with Van Amsterdam, and I entertain strong hopes of his recovery."

"Oh, no, I do not view with consternation the tremendous annual output of the Scotch dialect novel, for I believe a healthy revulsion will soon occur to counteract its malign influence. And, as a hopeful sign that we have probably passed the crisis of the epidemic, I noticed, with a considerable feeling of relief, that in the last Christmas issue of *Harper's Magazine* were published a series of Scotch short tales which actually discarded the hybrid dialect, and made the characters talk in straight Gaelic. The great advance in this method is manifest. The reader—or would-be reader—is not subjected to the mental strain of untangling an English meaning from a mysterious dialect, but he is confronted, face to face, with the fact that here is something which is absolutely incomprehensible to him—the ancient language of the Gael. So to speak, he forthwith accepts the situation, and avoids loss of time and nervous friction. I may say that the medical profession has received much encouragement from this opportune publication."

"I think, too, that the public will soon conclude that we have already about as much of this peculiar dialect on hand as we can possibly pronounce during the remainder of the present century." Rob Roy.

HAY, STRAW, AND STUBBLE.

THE NEW END OF AN OLD CENTURY.

BY MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

"Why, hang it, sir!" the Major said, laying down the morning paper. "Understand me, I am not dropping into slang—it is something I abhor, sir—but all this talk of New things with the capital letter does truly and in good English make me very tired."

The Major, who will understand, is a very great man among us. Nobody gainsays him—except sometimes. He is tall and spare, upright as becomes his soldierly title, neat to fastidiousness, with penthouse brows shading the kindest eyes in the world. He is, in fact, the gentlest of truculent cynics—a sort of Uncle Toby up to date. Never was there a man readier to condemn the sin—and take the sinner at once to his heart. That part, however, we learn only accidentally. Nothing disconcerts him quite so much as to be discovered in a good deed. When he has done one of special merit, the barometer of his humor stands at stormy for a week.

"If," the Major went on, "Solomon, wisest of men, found nothing new in his day, what shall be said of the claim to it in this late time of ours? It is nonsense, sir!—all nonsense—where it is not worse. And then, consider what a spectacle this nineteenth century makes of itself, attitudinizing over its gospel of Newness, when really it is all as old as the hills. In physics, even, for all our boasted achievement, I doubt if we could go much beyond folk who lived in prehistoric times. Think of the Mound Builders, the Cyclopean ruins in Central and South America! Those who wrought such marvels have left us not even a name. Yet their work endures, defying time, earthquake, tropical heat—and we, in spite of all our hurrahing, are balked by climate in our pigmy efforts to construct a Panama Canal."

"Then coming into recorded times, the Pyramids would be posers, if it fell to our lot to set them up. And those great obelisks, carved in hieroglyph from top to bottom—maybe you don't know it, but the effort to engrave one of them with a short and simple inscription turned the edge of a half-dozen sets of the best

tools Sheffield could produce. They knew how to harden copper to a cutting edge—those old Egyptians—and brought steel to a temper and toughness not one of our inventors can reach. And I am of opinion, sir—though mind, it is only opinion—that the High Priests knew very much about the thing we call electricity, though it was against their plan of ruling to make such knowledge common property, or even to put it in the sacred records. Yes, I think they understood it, and were helped by it in many of their ceremonial achievements."

"Granting all that, Major," the girl from Vassar said, "I think you must admit that there is one new thing at least—the college girl—or maybe I had better say the professional woman, who is the girl in full blossom."

"I must ask you, madam, to read history," the Major returned, with his best bow. He got a trifle red in the face, too, and evidently meant to leave the matter there. But the girl from Vassar went on, shaking her head, and smiling:

"My dear Major, how can you! You know our forefathers thought a woman properly educated if she knew how to pray to God, to love man, to knit, and sew and brew."

"Excellent all, madam; but misleading, as generalities always are," the Major retorted. "From the beginning of things, women who have cared to do it have shared all knowledge and all privileges. That is to say, they have been recognized as human beings, having hands, ears, eyes, organs, dimensions—when and wherever they themselves have not set their faces against such recognition. To say nothing of Dido, Semiramis, Cleopatra, and other stock examples, there is Aspasia, who would have been immortal through her learning had not the learning sunk out of sight in contrast with her magnetic womanliness. And by way of faddishness what have you got to say to Artemisia, Queen of Caria, who swallowed in wine the ashes of her dead husband? The most decadent of advanced modern lovers could hardly go beyond that."

"I beg pardon, but I think none of them had a college training," the girl from Vassar said, a wicked little dimple playing about her mouth.

Again the Major bowed; and we saw that he was getting down to earnest work, for he sat very upright in his chair, and pushed back his sleeves until we saw the silver links in his cuffs. Famous links they are; some day I may tell you the story of them. Tapping one of them with a forefinger, as though taking conversational soundings, the Major went on, in his most high-bred and carefully modulated voice:

"No, they were not college women; but Lady Jane Grey was—at least she knew the classics as few women, or men either, do nowadays, besides being a first-rate mathematician and the finest sort of young gentlewoman. And a little earlier, there was Novella d'Andrea. Her father, a law professor in the University of Bologna, then one of the greatest in the world, taught and trained her until she was able to hear classes in his stead. And it is further recorded of her that she was so beautiful she heard recitations always behind a curtain, in order that her face might not put all thought of everything else out of the minds of her pupils. There were plenty more like her, too. Go and read about them in the chronicles of that time."

"But none of them had any hand in making laws—except, of course, queens, and the wicked women who influenced kings and their counselors," the girl from Vassar persisted. She is young, and bubbling over with enthusiasm for all that calls itself progress. Though the Major likes her no end, he said of her once that she had spent so much time and energy in making herself learned she had had none to spare for making herself informed. Still he never snubs her; so none of us were surprised to hear him say, rather gently:

"Let me advise you to go and read about Mother-right—almost the earliest tribal law, and the fountain-head of much that still survives." Then before she could answer him, he hurried on: "The odd, and pitiful thing to me, is to see this century of ours, which is so near its ending, mopping and mowing at its own distorted image in the mirror of its vanity, and hailing itself as its own great grandson and heir—"

"That puts me in mind," a man from Way Corners broke in, "of old Squire Hedges. He's my neighbor—eighty odd, but chipper as a lark. Still he not ride fox-hunting like he used to, though neither he nor Black Bess, his old hunter, have got over a liking for the music of full-cry. The other day I met the Squire upon the road, puffing like a steam engine and red in the face. He was so out of breath he could not speak for a minute; then he said, after he'd bid me good-morning: 'D'ye see that beast? I had confidence in her—yes, I did,' pointing his finger straight out between Black Bess's ears. 'I thought she was a reasonable, almost a reasoning, creature. But this morning, a little while back, the hounds passed us—and I give you my word, the old beastie broke into a run and topped three fences before ever I could stop her. And she is wild to be at it again—in fact, I believe she thinks herself, right now, two years younger than her last colt.'"

Everybody laughed over that, except the Vassar girl. When she seemed uncertain as to whether the story had a point the man who had told it looked uncomfortable. I suspect she is the magnet that has drawn him Hexhamway three times within the fortnight since she came down—not to rest, oh, dear, no!—but to organize a Village Improvement Society. She has been telling us organization is the age-note, whatever that may mean. I am not altogether certain that she herself understands well enough to demonstrate it beyond peradventure. But there can be no question that she is very much in earnest, nor that she has deeply impressed the Hexham women with the need of her mission—if not of missions with the large M.

All that is, but Patty Lowndes, who is the Major's sworn comrade and dearest enemy. She sings like a bird—all three of the churches would like to have her in their choirs. But when they ask her she laughs, and tells them of a choir-meeting she went to once with her cousin, who was leading singer in it; and how, after the experience, she defined choir as "an institution for producing harmony in the church, and discord among the members."

She came in while the laugh was loudest, so of course she had to be told the reason of it. And there was no uncertainty in her eye as she listened—indeed she dimpled and brightened so the man from Way Corners was visibly relieved. He had begun to be a little uncertain as to whether a colt might be mentioned in the presence of young ladies. Now Patty, though a trifle lawless in the matter of opinion, has the nicest sense of lingual propriety; hence what she approves cannot be against good manners. She dearly loves a story, too, and I think was on the point of telling one when the new minister interposed. Minister they call him in Hexham, though really he is only a divinity student. "That reminds me," he began, clearing his throat, and arranging his eye for an effective twinkle, "of a story our oldest professor tells. He has not always been in a divinity school; even if he had, the thing might have happened just the same. He had a student—an awfully bright fellow, but wild as the wind, and forever getting up larks. One night it was a supper in forbidden precincts. After it the student fell asleep, and did not wake until about daybreak. Then he found himself locked in, but the window was open, and not above twenty feet from the ground. So the young fellow crept out, slid down a convenient gutter, and found himself squarely facing the professor, who had been seized with a desire for inconveniently early rising. Said he: 'Why, good-morning, B—! You must be a hard student to be up so late, or down so early! What is your line, may I ask?'"

"Oh, I'm investigating the 'Descent of Man,' sir," B— returned, stammering a little. You see he was just—ahem!—sober enough not to mind what chaff he gave the don."

"I see—demonstrating that men sink easily to the monkey-level," the Professor said, and passed on. The Major is like him I suppose—thinks that the main point against our boasted Newness is that it is all so very old."

"Why not say that in quotation marks?" Patty Lowndes asked, with the most innocent air. "It is hardly worth while, though—it is so much a commonplace. At least a million people, I think, have either anticipated or echoed Mr. Andrew Lang's plaint, 'Were the New Woman only new.' I have come to wish I might never hear of new things again—except, of course, new frocks, new hats and new books—all of which I simply adore."

"Don't forget the newly rich, Patty," the Major said. "If we have a weakness—you and I—it is for that amiable class. No, that is not sarcasm, but sober fact. Why should we not like them? The self-made man's fortune is as much his patent of a noble difference to his kind as the poem, or picture, or statue which stamps with greatness its creator. We are given to twining laurel wreaths and singing psalms to the heroes of destruction. Why not twine and sing in even heartier fashion for the heroes of construction? I have, I confess, scant patience with the wittlings who take them for a target. It is my experience that envy is the most powerful magnifying-glass in the world—a thing that in an ordinary man or woman would be simply an inadvertence becomes in those who have achieved good fortune a blunder worse than a crime. La Rochefoucauld says: 'We are always glad to see others brought to our own level.' But I would reverse his proposition, and say I am glad to see human creatures from my own modest plane go to the very top of the financial ladder—even to see them stay there."

"Then they cease to be newly rich," Patty said, a little thoughtfully. "But I like them just the same, because their inclinations are still fluid; they do not know what they want, except that they want a great many things, and have money to pay for them. And that makes work for the people who need it, which is after all the best thing in the world."

"Why, I thought, Miss Lowndes, you did not care for philanthropic and charitable things," the girl from Vassar said, in surprise. "The ladies all told me your name was not on a single committee in the village—in fact that you did not even belong to a society."

"They are mistaken," Patty said. "I belong to the Society of One. Perhaps I will tell you about it, later on."

OUR DEFENSES.

BY LIEUT. HERMAN HALL.

In the event of a war with Spain the United States would be able to place the greater number of troops on the island of Cuba in the shorter time; this is the aim of strategy. The control of Cuba and the destruction of the marine commerce of each country would be the chief features in such a contest. The United States would never be satisfied to fight a simple defensive war with any Power; and though ill-prepared at first, she would eventually adopt a decidedly offensive plan.

Even at the present moment, the United States is by no means defenseless, as some of our journals claim. The organized National Guards of the different States aggregate a total of one hundred and fifteen thousand and sixty men, most of whom are well equipped and disciplined; with the regular army this makes a total of one hundred and forty thousand and sixty drilled men. The arming of the regular forces with the new magazine rifle is nearly completed, and the old Springfield rifles, most excellent weapons, numbering at least twenty-five thousand stands, have been stored as reserve arms. There are many discharged men from the regular service in the country, and a number of Civil War veterans can still take the field, while others can render valuable service organizing volunteers.

The fact that there are one hundred colleges in the country at which regular army officers have been detailed to impart instruction in military tactics, must not be overlooked; for, small as the training is, it would be found of great value in time of emergency. The Springfield national armory can turn out three hundred rifles, magazine pattern, thirty-one-hundredths of an inch caliber, per day, and its capacity can be greatly enlarged; and with the various private arms companies working for the Government, for they could

readily alter their plants, an abundant supply of rifles and ammunition could soon be manufactured.

In the defense of any country three lines are considered: first, ships well out to sea; second, floating and coast batteries; third, fortifications, including submarine mines. Our navy, the first line, can easily cope with that of Spain. Our coast defenses are weak. However, New York has two twelve-inch guns and sixteen twelve-inch mortars; San Francisco has one twelve-inch gun and sixteen twelve-inch mortars; and Boston has sixteen twelve-inch mortars in position. So accurately can these mortars be aimed that it is accepted, when a battery of six is fired simultaneously, at least one shot will strike the deck of a ship. Falling at a high angle the effect is very great.

By July of this year there will be twenty-six twelve-inch guns, forty-five ten-inch guns and sixty-three eight-inch guns ready to be mounted, making a total of one hundred and thirty-four. In the plan of fortification of the country twenty-seven ports are contemplated, requiring six hundred and seventy-seven guns and eight hundred and twenty-four mortars at a cost of ninety-seven million seven hundred and eighty-two thousand and eight hundred dollars. There are three dynamite guns in place at Fort Hancock, New Jersey, while three more are to be mounted at San Francisco. Twelve ports contain mining casemates; and fixed torpedoes can be quickly planted. Considering our new navy, and allowing much for energy and ingenuity, we are by no means defenseless. Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas have organized guards aggregating ten thousand men. Havana is but twelve hundred and twenty-seven miles from New York, five hundred and ninety-seven miles from New Orleans, five hundred and twelve miles from Key West, while it is four thousand and thirty miles from Gibraltar. Spain's army has a peace strength of one hundred and sixteen thousand men, and in addition fifteen thousand gendarmes. The army is divided into the Peninsular and the Colonial forces, and the former is comprised in fourteen military districts. The Colonial army performs duty at Cuba, Puerto Rico and Philippine Islands, and numbers thirty-three thousand men. The Spanish troops are equipped with the Mauser, model of 1893, and it is reported that the country has on hand four hundred thousand rifles. They can be manufactured at the company's works in Berlin or in Spain. The Mauser is a magazine rifle similar to ours; it holds five cartridges and has a caliber of twenty-seven-hundredths inches.

Spain's navy is divided into three districts, located at Ferrol, Cadiz and Cartagena. From latest reports the vessels consist of ten armored cruisers, eight protected and third-class cruisers, one battleship and fourteen torpedo boats and vessels. There are six companies of torpedo men, four belonging to the Peninsular and two to the Colonial troops. Spain ranks seventh among the mercantile marines of the world, containing seven hundred and sixty vessels, steam and sail, of a total tonnage of about five hundred and fifty thousand. There are numerous fine harbors in Spain, and by far the greatest line of steamers leaving them is the Campana Transatlantica, sailing from Cadiz and Barcelona to all parts of the world; it embraces thirty-two steamers, twenty of which maintain a speed of twelve knots and over. They are fitted up as armed cruisers and the company is obliged to carry troops in the event of war.

With the nearness of Cuba, the strength of our navy as compared to Spain's, the sufficiency of transport vessels, and the vulnerability of Spain's commerce, to say nothing of her financial condition, we would be likely to win. Whether it would pay us or not is another question.



LET IT BE DONE AND DONE PROPERLY.

The Baltimore American voices our sentiments fully when it says the following: "A tendency which should be encouraged is that to teach children something of civil government and the duties of citizenship. Anything like real patriotism is difficult to inculcate without some understanding of what it means. And the education of a good citizen, no less than that of a good man, should begin when the mind is impressionable to ideas, and when their growth will be strengthened by the tremendous force of early impressions." Provided, of course, that this is done with judgment and that the method of instruction will be such as to impart the information in a way that will be intelligible to the children, and, as far as possible, attractive. It is one thing to give instruction, another to give it in such a way as to have it take root.

UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

The recent organization of unappreciated authors in New York for the purpose of publishing their own works is calling forth a deal of comment, some playful, some sarcastic and some, strange to say, serious. The St. Paul Pioneer Press says of the movement:

"A society of authors has been formed in New York for the purpose of establishing a co-operative publishing company. Their object is, presumably, to publish their own books at advantageous conditions. It may be an admirable scheme, but it looks very much as if these gentlemen had failed to impress the professional publishers with a sense of the desirable quality of their works. Injustice may be done now and then, but for the most part it must be assumed that a publisher is a better judge of what the public wants than the author. It has happened more than once that a very successful work has been overlooked by an experienced publisher. But it does not pass through many hands before it finds an appreciative eye. Our best writers apparently find no difficulty in getting before the public, and the number of new names which appear on the lists every year

is proof positive that the publishers do not refuse a book merely because it has not a well-known name attached to it."

WHERE THERE IS NO OPTION.

The question of Sunday opening of saloons is discussed at considerable length in the March issue of the North American Review by the Right Rev. William Croswell Doane, Bishop of Albany. He offers a novel argument in the following:

"If it be said that if a community desires to have saloons open they ought to be allowed to vote upon it, the answer is, that this is what is called 'local option,' and local option is well enough in reference to things about which there is option. If a community, for instance, should vote, as it does sometimes, that it will have no saloons, no place where liquor can be bought at retail at any time, it has the right to do it; and another community may vote just the other way. This is a question of expediency and choice. But I submit that no more dangerous theory was ever advanced or advocated than that of giving a community the right to vote directly or by indirection on the question of Sunday sales of anything. Here is a principle primeval, immemorial, fundamental. It is not a question of religion merely or mainly. If a community can vote to have liquor sold on Sunday, it can vote to have green groceries sold, markets open, mechanics compelled to work. The poor man, the man who works with his hands, cannot be blind enough not to see this. He may want his glass of beer badly, but he had better buy it on Saturday night, and drink it stale or go without it, than fall into the fatal error of fancying that it is only a glass of beer. It is a question of six days' work or seven days' work in a week. It is a question of breaking down the only barrier that exists between him and the cruel greed of his employer."

SINGING OUT OF TUNE.

Madame Emma Nevada contributes an interesting article to the March issue of the Ladies Home Journal on "The Importance of Singing in Tune." She condemns among other things the bad habit, which so many singers cultivate, of attempting to sing notes out of their reach. "To sing a high C," she says, "so that it can scarcely be distinguished from a B natural in alt, is certainly neither artistic, musical nor desirable. Therefore, avoid high notes until they are securely within your grasp. Nervousness and fear have also a paralyzing effect upon the vocal chords, and may cause a flattening, which is as unpleasant as it is distressing. Nervousness and fear must be as completely eradicated from the singer's art as any other bad habit. There is a still further reason for singing out of tune, and this is distinctly in the nature of an excuse for a seemingly inexcusable thing—that is, the fact that there is no universal standard of pitch in music. . . . The need for a universal standard of pitch is desired by all musicians, but by none more fervently than by singers."

JAMESON AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Mr. Labouchere of London appears to be considerably amused at the adulation of which Dr. Jameson and his fellow-freebooters have been made the objects since their return to England in triumphal captivity, so to speak. He says in the columns of Truth:

"The number of people just now desirous of surreptitiously influencing public opinion in favor of Jameson is, indeed, remarkable—more especially when it is remembered that for weeks past Jameson and his men have been the darlings of the mob, that the music halls have resounded with their praises, and that they were cheered through the streets on their arrival in London. Under these circumstances, the desire of various enterprising individuals to influence public opinion in Jameson's favor looks to me more like a desire to influence public opinion for their own ends, and to use Jameson as an advertising medium. It is surprising that we have not before now seen an attempt to influence public opinion by the issue of a Jameson Soap or a Jameson Pill."

THAT HEINE MONSTROSITY.

The persistent and indecent efforts of a certain coterie of citizens of New York to force upon the city a monstrosity in the form of a fountain to commemorate the poet Heine have called down a storm of indignant comment from the press. A committee of artists decided that the monument was unworthy of a place in any of our public parks, but the projectors of the scheme for its erection persisted and seem to have won over a sufficient number of the Aldermen, and now it seems as if we were to have the fountain whether we will or no. The New York Sun, which has been vigorous and outspoken in the expression of its opinion on the subject, says in a recent editorial:

"If a city could be exhibited as the toy of a little clique boasting a political pull, it would be New York, after the Heine importunities and the other marvels of reasoning had conquered the Board of Aldermen. If after ventilation of all the facts connected with this remarkable episode, the Aldermen still prefer to give the Heine crusaders what they ask for at the public expense, they must not complain if they are then looked upon by the community at large as deserving of contempt instead of honor; and for acts of this sort the name of the Common Council cannot shield the individual Alderman. That body will be made as low in the public estimation as its members choose to make it. How about keeping it on the level claimed for it by its friends?"

HOME SEEKERS EXCURSIONS.

In order to give every one an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. has arranged to run a series of four home seekers' excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than the fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Geo. H. Bradford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.





A WHISPER OF SPRING.

ROUTINE LIFE AT AN ARMY POST.

"REVEILLE" ushers in the military day and "retreat" brings it to a close. The former call is sounded at about sunrise, and the words as hummed by the soldiers to the trumpets' music are:

"Can't get 'em up,
Can't get 'em up,
Can't get 'em up in the morning;
The corporal is worse than the private,
The sergeant is worse than the corporal,
The lieutenant is worse than the sergeant,
And the captain is the worst of all."

Then follows breakfast call:

"Coffee, coffee, coffee without any cream;
Soupy, soupy, soupy without any meat;
Porky, porky, porky without any beans."

But the regular soldier fares far better than this would indicate, for his daily ration is one pound of fresh vegetables; one and one-quarter pounds of fresh beef or twelve ounces of pork; beans, coffee, sugar, vinegar, salt and pepper in plenty. In comparison to this an Italian soldier receives but one-third of a pound of beef per day.

When care is exercised the allowance is liberal, enabling much to be saved and sold at an average profit of thirty dollars per company a month, and this amount goes toward buying extras for the table. The profit from the Post Exchange, where supplies of all kinds are sold to officers and men, is divided among the organizations and gives to each company about fifty dollars per month. Better food and a greater variety is thereby furnished than that obtained by the average workman. The greatest profit made at the Exchange is on beer. Drinking to excess is prohibited. No alcoholic liquor is sold and the sale of beer deters many men from visiting neighboring towns or settlements to squander their money on high-priced and intoxicating drinks.

After breakfast follows "fatigue call" when the company, streets and buildings are put in order for the day. "Sick call" is now sounded, and those men needing the surgeon's attention report to the hospital. Then will ordinarily follow a drill by company or battalion for an hour, to be succeeded by "guard mounting," at which ceremony the new guard replaces the old. Sentinels are posted over the prisoners at work and about the garrison to guard property and prevent soldiers from leaving the post after call to quarters. Guard duty is also for instruction purposes; kept up with the same strictness as would be practiced in war. All persons are challenged after evening call to quarters and none pass the chain of sentinels without the countersign.

A soldier performs this duty about once a week, walking two hours and resting four, so that there are three reliefs for each post with a corporal in charge of each; the whole being under the supervision of the officer of the day, the executive officer of the garrison. During the portion of the day not strictly devoted to military duties, men are detailed to perform police duty, which consists in hauling fuel and supplies of all kinds to officers and men, repairing roads, walks and carting away refuse. Extra duty men are employed by the Post Quartermaster, receiving thirty-five to fifty cents per day in addition to their regular pay, to do all or nearly all the artisan-labor at the post—such as repairing, building, painting, calcimining, plumbing, baking bread, blacksmithing and attending to draught animals. Companies must detail men to cook, care for barracks and official papers. When all the details are made and the sick, guard and furlough men accounted for but few are left at leisure.

If there be a cavalry troop at the post, horses are watered, fed and groomed twice a day, and the cavalry man's stable call as interpreted by the soldiers is:

"Come to the stable,
All ye that are able,
And give your horse water and corn;
If you don't do it,
The captain will know it,
Then you will rue it,
As sure as you're born."

Evening dress parade generally precedes retreat, and at that, the prettiest event of the day, officers and soldiers in their best uniform daily inform the commanding officer of the condition of his command.

Aside from the routine work, general to all, special men must be instructed in signaling, care of the wounded and litter drill. All must also be taught how to pitch camps, load wagons, prepare for field duty on short notice, cook, make fascines and gabions, and dig trenches. Recruits are constantly coming in and old soldiers leaving, necessitating close attention from the officers to keep up a standard of proficiency. Three months of the year are almost exclusively devoted to pointing and aiming drills and target practice, it being generally conceded that our small army is one of sharpshooters. Each soldier of more than one year's service fires one hundred and sixty rounds per year at known distance and skirmish targets, while for recruits the allowance is doubled. Saturday afternoons, companies are closely inspected by their captains, when arms, accoutrements and barracks must be in perfect condition. The annual visits of the department commander and district inspectors entail busy days. They may at an unexpected moment cause "to arms" sounded, with orders to take the field equipped for ten days and then time the troops to the moment of departure.

The pay of the soldiers is liberal, for aside from his ration, fuel, lodging and clothing he receives thirteen dollars per month the first and second year; fourteen, fifteen and sixteen, respectively, the third, fourth and fifth years. For every five years thereafter one dollar is added. Non-commissioned officers receive greater sums, reaching thirty dollars for a first sergeant after five years' service.

The men at present in the army are a good, intelligent class as a rule; about seventy-five per cent are naturalized Americans and twenty-five per cent aliens. All callings and trades are here represented, from the sterling youth working for a commission through the ranks to the criminal hiding his identity in the army. During winter the time is devoted to theoretical

instruction, gymnastics, manual of arms and recitations for officers and non-commissioned officers.

An officer must prepare one professional paper each year and pursue the study of his profession at the Post Lyceum. Each company is provided with a reading-room where is generally found a good library. The paper work in the army is something enormous; there are no less than fifty-one distinct reports and returns required from each company. They are: two daily, one weekly, one every ten days, ten monthly, two bi-monthly, eight quarterly, three half-yearly, six yearly and eighteen casually.

The ordinary routine day may be broken by a soldier's burial, and then, while the body is being conducted to the little cemetery, the flag floats at half-mast and the procession, consisting of band, armed escort, caisson or ambulance with body, officers, non-commissioned officers and privates in the order named, proceeds at a funeral march to the grave where three volleys followed by "taps"—"lights out"—proclaim that another recruit is wanted.

The command is often practiced in fire drill, companies being designated for the hose-cart, ladders and buckets so that if the weird, alarming "fire call" is heard no time is lost in arriving at the scene.

At quarter before eleven call to quarters is sounded, when all soldiers not on pass must be in barracks, for fifteen minutes later bunkrooms are inspected for present and absent, and at the same time "taps" peals forth from the guardhouse sally-port, saying:

"Go—to—sleep,
Put—out—your lights,
Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep;
Slee—py—head,
Go—to—sleep."



FOR A CUBAN COMMISSION.

It is strange that no one has thought of suggesting, as a preliminary to the recognition—or refusal of recognition—of the Cuban rebels by the United States, the nomination of a Commission of Inquiry.

The President might appoint, with the approval of Congress, such a Commission, charged with the duty of visiting Cuba and studying the actual conditions which exist there. The Commission might then present a report, covering all the phases of the political situation in the island, giving a review of the causes of the insurrection, its character, methods of warfare, actual extent and achievements to date; the personnel of the active insurgents, their relations to the non-combatant Cubans as regards property, color, social standing and numbers. The report would also define who the leaders really are, whether native Cubans or foreign-born, and how far they are regarded in Cuba as representative men—both by those who follow and those who oppose them—their definite aims, and plans for a new Government in the event of their finally ousting the present one; the economic condition of the island consequent upon its state of insurrection, and the sentiment of all the people—whether for or against insurrection, should be ascertained and reported. If some think one way and some another, the various divisions should be carefully classified. It should be shown why there are differences of opinion, who the holders of the various views are—their nativity, numerical importance and standing in the community, and the comparative degree of weight which attaches to their respective attitudes as opposing parties. The methods of the Spanish forces, officers and men, in their conduct of the military operations against the rebels, should receive equal attention in the Committee's report.

It may be objected that a Commission of this nature could not be appointed in view of the requirements of international courtesy; but as the Spanish Minister at Washington has publicly stated that no effort whatever has been made by the United States to ascertain the true state of affairs in Cuba, and that in the absence of such effort the resolutions introduced in Congress bearing upon the belligerent rights question seem somewhat precipitate, perhaps Spain would welcome the idea of a responsible American Commission. Why, not only is Congress in favor of according belligerent rights to the Cuban rebels, but actual intervention between Spain and Cuba has been hinted at. Would Spain object to the postponement of our recognition of the rebels—and the more serious policy which might follow—until after a painstaking investigation had been officially conducted by the United States?

The United States has already established something of a precedent in this connection by creating a Commission to report upon the merits of the Anglo-Venezuelan controversy. The Venezuelan Boundary Commission is thus referred to by Professor Bernay, who occupies the Chair of International Law at the University of Lausanne, and is secretary of the Institute of International Law:

"To nominate a Commission charged with the study of the grounds upon which England and Venezuela base their respective claims, and with the duty of making a report to the United States Government, is certainly an unusual proceeding. Nevertheless, this does not constitute an infraction of international law. Any Government may, without going beyond its rights, seek for information respecting the respective rights and claims of other States, whenever it considers that the dispute is one in which its own interests are involved."

The theory that our interests are always involved when the island of Cuba is disturbed by insurrection, is an accepted one. Cuba lies so near our own coast, and our commercial relations are so intimate with her, "The unusual proceeding" of appointing the Venezuela Commission, therefore, might reasonably be followed by another—the nomination of a Cuban Commission.

However, Professor Bernay, in giving his opinion, refers to the right of one State to seek information in a case of a dispute between other States. Now, rebel Cuba is not a State, and even if we accorded the rebels belligerent rights they would still not be an independent State—they would only acquire a "quasi-political recognition." Recognizing them as a sovereign Power is another matter. Keeping this fact in view, it becomes evident that to nominate a Cuban Commission of Inquiry before we have accorded even belligerent rights, would be a much more "unusual proceeding" than the nomination of the Venezuela Commissioners. It would be meddling with Spanish internal affairs.

Nevertheless, the action the United States took in the Venezuela instance does furnish in some sense a precedent for official investigation of the situation in Cuba. It was certainly regarded by England—at least at first—rather in the light of an unwarrantable impertinence. The President and Congress, however, adopted it as the only course open to the United States in the face of a dispute which was considered distinctly to involve American interests. Congress holds that a like consideration imperatively demands action in the case of Cuba. If action must be taken, to nominate a preliminary Commission of Inquiry would be a far milder way of beginning than to grant belligerent rights to the rebels. At present our knowledge of affairs in Cuba is derived altogether from newspaper dispatches. These have, from the commencement of the trouble, been of the most conflicting nature, and they hardly seem sufficiently trustworthy evidence upon which to base the proposed action of this country—action which may be productive of consequences more serious than any one now anticipates. The one particular in which the newspaper reports have not conflicted has been in respect to the barbarous methods of warfare practiced by the rebels. The reports have been unanimous in testifying to rebel savagery.

The Spanish Minister's contention, above referred to, that the United States has not tried to find out the truth about Cuba, would cease to have any force if Congress and the President took action only after the receipt of a report from a Commission of Inquiry whose labors were made, as here suggested, to cover every possible phase of the question at issue. And, it can only be repeated, why should Spain take offense at the United States following the suggestion of her own representative at Washington? Everything considered, and no matter how "unusual" a proceeding the appointment of the Commission might be, it ought to be much more acceptable to Spain, who says she wants America to know the whole truth, than the recognition of the rebels which it is proposed to grant now without any further examination of the grounds upon which it ought or ought not to be granted.

Why should not Spain be glad to afford every facility for the prosecution of such an official inquiry, and to permit the Commission to visit Cuba with carte blanche to go among rebels and loyalists in the most independent fashion, and to collect its data from rich and poor, friend and foe, in the highways and byways, unfettered by any conditions which could possibly tend to obstruct its labors or to throw the least taint of suspicion upon the result of its observations when rendered? Spain would not be bound to accept the decision of such a Commission, and it would serve to throw a much needed light upon a badly vexed question—the very light, Minister Dupuy de Lome asserts, the American people and their representatives in Congress need to enable them to free their minds of prejudice and mistaken notions.

KERIOS.

THE FUTURE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

That the people of England are taking more than usual interest in their portion of the Dark Continent, is evident from many of the more important moves of recent agitation. The London *Graphic* takes a serious view of the situation in a recent issue. Dr. Jameson's trial now progressing in England has aroused an intensity of popular feeling that can be understood only on the theory that the English people still share with the sovereign the authority over "our subjects" in the colonies. The *Graphic* editorial is as follows: "In the *New Review* for March there is an important paper by Dr. Rutherford Harris, the Secretary of the Chartered Company, on the present situation in South Africa. With complete truth he insists that the Jameson dash is nothing but a trifling incident in the question, and that the key of the matter lies in the Transvaal. The real question for British statesmen is whether Africa south of the Zambesi shall federate into a United States hostile to Great Britain, with a Dominion of Canada with Germany for its sovereign power, or into a Dominion of Canada still loyal to the British Throne. There are only three possible issues out of the present complexities, and it is for Great Britain to drive between them. In a few years the Transvaal will furnish two-thirds of the gold of the world, and will contain a quarter of a million Uitlanders, who will not remain forever dominated by a community of fourteen thousand male Boers. Unless the British people look ahead no one can prevent a disaster as great as the loss of the American Colonies, and if Great Britain abandons the Uitlander she may expect twenty years hence from the United States of South Africa the animosity of another America, rendered implacable by her stupid and heartless neglect. For years plotting has been going on between the Boers and the Germans, and since 1881 the Boers have directed no fewer than five separate raids against British territory. Germany's original plan was to connect German Southwest Africa with German East Africa, and she was only prevented by Mr. Rhodes's splendid occupation of the country which bears his name. In revenge Germany has tried to attack us by intriguing in the Transvaal, and her efforts have been only too successful. If we abandon the Uitlanders to Germany and the Boers, we throw away South Africa, and the great need is that Great Britain should understand the facts of South Africa, and that South Africa should be convinced of British sympathy. And to this better understanding Dr. Harris's exhaustive article will very materially contribute."

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

FEUDAL METHODS OF STREET CAR MAGNATES.

BY HERBERT E. CLAMP.

OF all the great monopolies that have sprung into existence during the past decade or two, none are more conspicuous than those connected with the service of transportation.

Since the introduction of trolley and cable systems in urban and suburban districts the local traffic has been almost entirely manipulated by either one or two large corporations which absolutely control all the privileges of passenger transportation.

In New York City the Metropolitan Traction Company has spread its octopus-like tentacles until it now embraces most of the leading arteries of traffic. The employees of this system are said to be meditating a strike on account of dissatisfaction with the methods of the corporation employing them. The grounds of complaint seem to be well taken, and it would appear that the management of the concern is not dictated by a wise and conciliatory manner toward its employees. It would seem that the disastrous lesson learned last year by the stockholders of the Brooklyn trolley roads was not sufficiently powerful to show the folly of trying to make slaves of white men in the nineteenth century.

It may perhaps be as well to remind the stockholders of the Metropolitan Company that, after the loss of their dividends and the reconversion of stock, much to their detriment, made necessary by the arrogant attitude of such officials as Norton and Lewis, the employees of the roads, after much loss and suffering, were finally the victors. In the case of the Metropolitan Traction Company of New York a direct infringement of the liberties of the employees is claimed, with more than ordinary evidence to support it.

The company positively refuses to allow its employees the privilege of organizing into labor unions, and summarily dismisses such of them as can be found to do so, according to the sworn statement of a number of old employees of the lines controlled by the present company, who have paid the penalty of disobeying the mandate. Moreover, the men aver in their statement that spies are employed to dog their footsteps and watch their places of meeting for the purpose of reporting to the superintendent the names of those attending them. In their statement of grievances the men claim that owing to the tyranny of subordinate officials their lives are made intolerable. These are their own words:

"Forced under these degrading conditions to do something, the men, some time ago, formed a committee of grievance, as the company's rules call for, in order to draw up a petition and statement of the outrageous way in which we were treated. Some fifty or more had signed, but the stool-pigeons who surround and are always willing to help their master posted him on the determination of the men. He then commenced a wholesale discharge of them, thereby depriving them of the only means by which they could hope to remedy existing outrages. This indiscriminate slaughter is still going on. Stool-pigeons hold sway. All that is necessary is to point out another suspect; result, services no longer required; and this for no other cause than that of seeking a redress of wrongs and the treatment due to human beings. A committee of these dismissed men, composed chiefly of those who had long years of service with the company, ranging from five to ten years, with unsullied record, called on the president of the road, but he declined to give them a hearing, stating as his reason that he would have nothing to do with men who had been discharged. Only think of it. It is only necessary to have a grievance to be discharged! But the persecution does not end with dismissal, for there seems to be determination on some one's part to deprive the men of earning a living. Two of the discharged men made application for employment on another city road, having, of course, to state where they had been employed previously. One got the employment, worked three days and was dismissed. The other man gave his reference as the Metropolitan Traction Company, and when they answered the inquiry as to his character by telephone his services were not required. Now, is this not a clear case of blacklisting the men; and can it be, or is it possible, that men, industrious, willing to work, committing no crime, can be deprived of earning a living? And we ask, 'Is there no remedy?' Yet this is one of the companies seeking more privileges from the city government. Why do our Aldermen not make these privileges conditional that they treat their employees as men?"

One of the rules in the book with which the company provides each of its employees states that "in making suspensions or dismissals from the service the previous record and general qualifications of an employee will always be taken into consideration." The company evidently prints this rule to show what it should live up to in ordinary fairness to its men, but does not do it, for among the men discharged on account of attempting to organize a local of the Knights of Labor were several men who had been over ten years in the company's service, one having been fifteen years on the same line. Against none of them had any charges ever been before preferred. When cornered by a reporter on the question of whether he objected to the employees of the system belonging to a labor union, Mr. H. H. Vreeland, president and general manager, refused to give a definite answer, thus naturally showing that he did object.

It will seem astounding news to people who believe that this is a country of free institutions and untrammelled liberty to learn that a body of intelligent men, such as compose the force of the Metropolitan Traction Company, can be browbeaten by a tyrannical management into a condition of such abject dependence as to yield the right to privileges never denied even in monarch-ridden Europe. It will seem equally astounding to most people that such tactics are adopted by a corporation or syndicate obtaining all the franchises and charters which enrich it directly from the people themselves in the shape of the city government.

The obvious inference to be taken from the attitude of the management of the Metropolitan Traction Company toward its employees is, that as soon as this despotic

power has developed a little further the patrons of the road will be made to feel the arbitrary temper of its managers. There remains at present a little competition to the syndicate and it has hopes of acquiring more property and privileges from the city. When this monopoly has gathered in all the routes which might possibly be utilized for rival systems, and the public is completely at its mercy, who shall say what arbitrary rules it may see fit to impose upon the public which has yielded up to it all these privileges?

Among the rules and regulations of the company are the following direct infringements of personal liberty: (1) Any employee drinking beer, wine, liquor or intoxicating drink, or entering any drinking-place during hours of duty, or smoking or chewing tobacco, will be discharged. (2) Conductors, drivers and gripmen are prohibited from giving to or receiving from any employee of the company any fee, gift, gratuity, treat, cigars or entertainment whatever. Another remarkable rule compels the payment by drivers or motormen of any damages that may occur through collisions between his vehicle and another, unless he can prove the fault rested with the other party. The money for such expenses is taken out of the employee's salary, and the city courts have held that since such an agreement is entered into by the drivers or motormen with the company, the men are liable in whatever amount the damage happens to be. Another clause in the rules would prevent an employee from suing the company for damages however received. It reads: "The regular pay of employees covers all risk and liability resulting from accident."

One of the most serious grievances of all that the men complain of is known as the "extra" and "tripping" systems. It is very often weeks after a man is appointed to a position by the company before he has a regular car assigned him. During this interval he is known as an "extra."

The employees of the Consolidated Traction Company of New Jersey, another branch of the "Philadelphia syndicate," complain most bitterly of the large numbers that the local lines employ in this manner in order to have a surplus of help at all times, possibly in case of a strike emergency. Men are often employed in this way as "extras" for months, during which their sole source of income is an occasional trip, and their earnings average only about fifty cents per day. Even when put on regularly they have to serve several months more as "trippers," during which time their income is between fifty cents and a dollar and fifty per day. During all the time the men are employed as novitiates they are compelled to remain on duty the same as if fully employed. They must report before the first car leaves the depot in the morning and remain at their quarters until the last thing at night.

A new order of the Consolidated Traction Company compels every man to purchase a new outfit when he enters upon his duties as an "extra"; and, owing to the fact that the first suit will get shabby while he is serving his apprenticeship at three dollars a week, another rule compels him to purchase a second uniform as soon as he becomes a "tripper."

The facility with which the companies are able to spy upon the movements of their help is due to the fact that they always have in their employ an army of men known as spotters, whose business it is to loiter on cars and see that the conductors ring up all fares taken by them. In consequence of the fear that they may be speaking to one of these gentlemen conductors seldom give any expression of their grievances to any one accosting them on the car. They have learned that too often the sympathetic stranger turns out to be a wolf in disguise, or, what is equivalent, a company's spotter.

Some of the petty persecutions complained of by the men indicate that an exceedingly small type of mind is the most infallible means of obtaining promotion from the ranks, and that pettiness of persecution is one of the means by which the management seeks to discipline its members. This is a most unfortunate state of affairs, because it creates a host of sycophants and lickspittles from among the most undesirable men in the ranks, while those who are inclined to be men and who are above such small-minded actions become discontented and discouraged in the performance of their work.

Mr. Eugene V. Debs is said to be contemplating a visit to New York to stir up the street railroad men and urge them to a dash for liberty. This may mean a great car strike in New York, with all the loss and inconvenience to the public with which such a thing would be attended. If things are as stated, and the Metropolitan Traction Company does deny its men the right to organize, the responsibility of the trouble will rest on the shoulders of the officials who frame and carry out such arbitrary and despotic rules.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

BY M. R. SILSBY.

"Sweet little cloud of vibration!
Bright little feathery fay!
Wee rainbow-hued animation,
Humming the long hours away!

* * * * *

"Always thou dwellest 'mid beauty,
Bird of melodious wing,
To seek it's thy life's only duty,
And bask in perpetual spring."

In that charming book—"Wake-Robin"—Mr. Burroughs says it is an event in one's life to find a humming-bird's nest. I never imagined that the pleasure of being such a Columbus would be mine, feeling that a pair of very sharp eyes would be needed to make the discovery. Yet, last summer, without any effort on my part, I found one; or, rather, the fairy-like mistress of the nest revealed it herself. While enjoying an outing in a cottage standing in an old apple orchard, on the shore of Cayuga Lake, I noticed among other feathered visitors a pair of humming-birds.

As I sat on a little upper balcony which touched the branches of an apple tree, one darted suddenly down, in a defiant way several times, very near to me. She would disappear and then return to the attack so

quickly that I felt she did not go very far, and, watching her closely, saw her drop upon a nest on a branch almost within my reach. "Drop" is truly the word to use, as she did not light upon the limb, or the edge of the nest, and settle herself gradually, but dropped at once upon it.

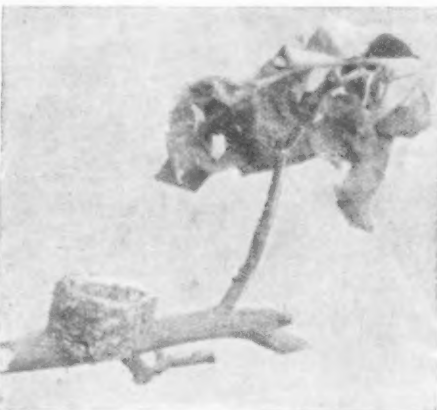
At last I had before me the tiny domicile of "that miniature miracle of Nature"—the humming-bird! And a dainty little abode she had made for herself, composed of some cottony substance—the inside lined with a fine silky fibre and the exterior covered with beautiful pieces of lichen, glued on by the bird's saliva, it is said. It was so small, scarcely more than an inch in diameter, that it seemed a mere excrescence on the branch, to which it was firmly attached.

She seemed to imagine that I had some evil designs on her treasures, and whenever I appeared with book or work would dart threateningly toward me, very much agitated. Her mate offered her no assistance in protecting her nest, evidently feeling that she had spirit enough to hold her own and was quite capable of managing her own household affairs.

I could not deny myself the pleasure of taking one brief glimpse into her nest, with its two tiny pure white eggs; then, not wishing to increase her fears, I abandoned my favorite seat, only glancing out occasionally, until one morning—all too soon—I missed her. Then I remembered that this bird only requires ten days to hatch her young, and a week later they are flown with her! As a souvenir of this jewel of a bird I cut off a portion of the apple branch and brought away a work of art—her graceful nest.

These little voyagers had traveled from the perfume-laden blossoms of the far Southland, with no chart to guide them, to rear their tender brood on Cayuga's shores. If one tiny specimen is so pretty an object, what glowing beauty myriads of them must add to the tropical forests!

Prescott tells us how they revelled in Mexico's honeysuckle bowers. He describes the lovely featherwork made by the ancient Mexicans, the plumage of parrots



THE HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.

and other tropical birds supplying variety of color; the exquisite tints and finish to the picture were given by the fine down of the humming-bird.

These feathers were pasted on a fine cotton web and used for dresses for the wealthy, hangings for apartments and ornaments for temples. It is strange that they should have slaughtered this beautiful atom of a bird, as it had sacred associations for them.

The Mexicans had their story of the Deluge. Their Ark contained many kinds of birds and animals. After some time a vulture was sent out from it, but stayed away to feed on the dead bodies of the giants which had been left on the earth as the waters subsided. Then the little humming-bird (called by them Huitzililuh) was sent forth, and returned bearing a twig in its mouth. Huitzililuh, the war-god of the Aztecs, was named from the fact that his left foot was adorned with the feathers of the humming-bird. In the West Indies it is called Colibri. The Iroquois of Canada term it Raonraon, from the noise made by its wings. In Germany it is prettily named flower-bird, flower-pecker, or honey-bird, and by the Spaniards Pica-flor (peck-flower).

This ethereal little creature has not been left "unhonored and unsung" by the poet-lovers of Nature, and many are the poems which have been written in its praise. There is scarcely one more perfect than this by Edgar Fawcett, from which we quote. He seems to have caught the very spirit of the bird—in this faithful description:

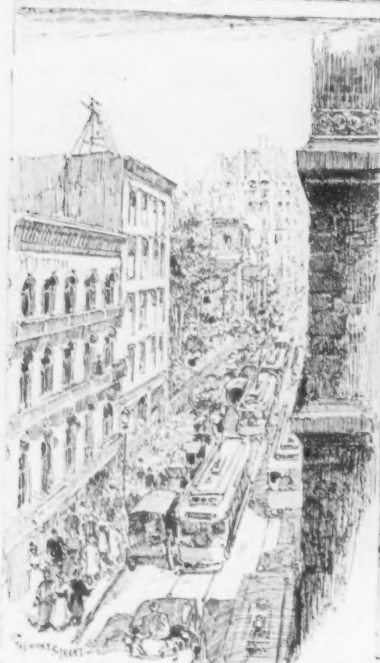
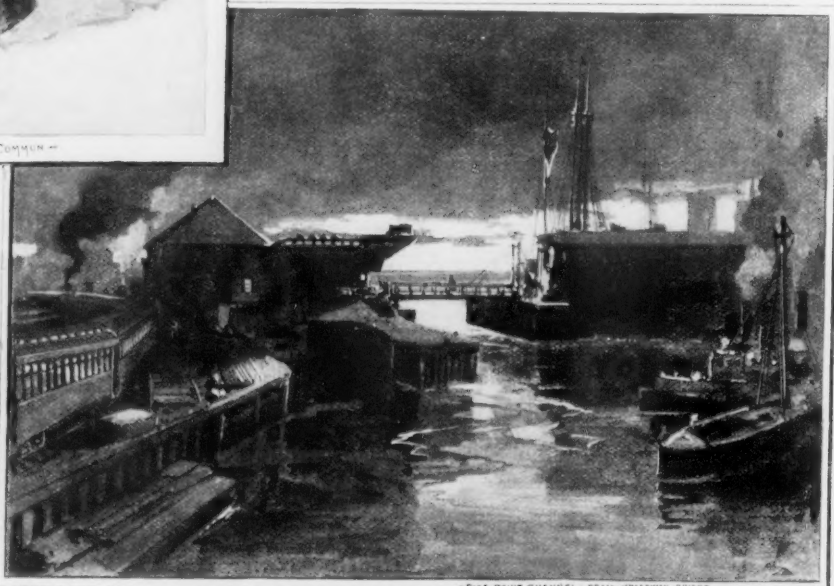
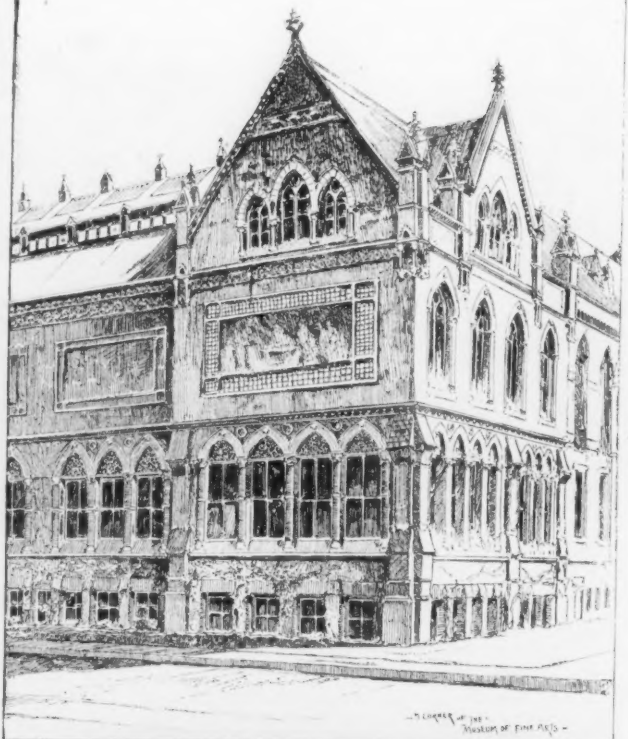
"When the mild gulf stars flow'r out,
As the summer gloaming goes,
A dim shape quivers about
Some sweet rich heart of a rose.

"If you watch its fluttering poise,
From palpitant wings will steal
A hum like the eerie noise
Of an elin spinning-wheel!"

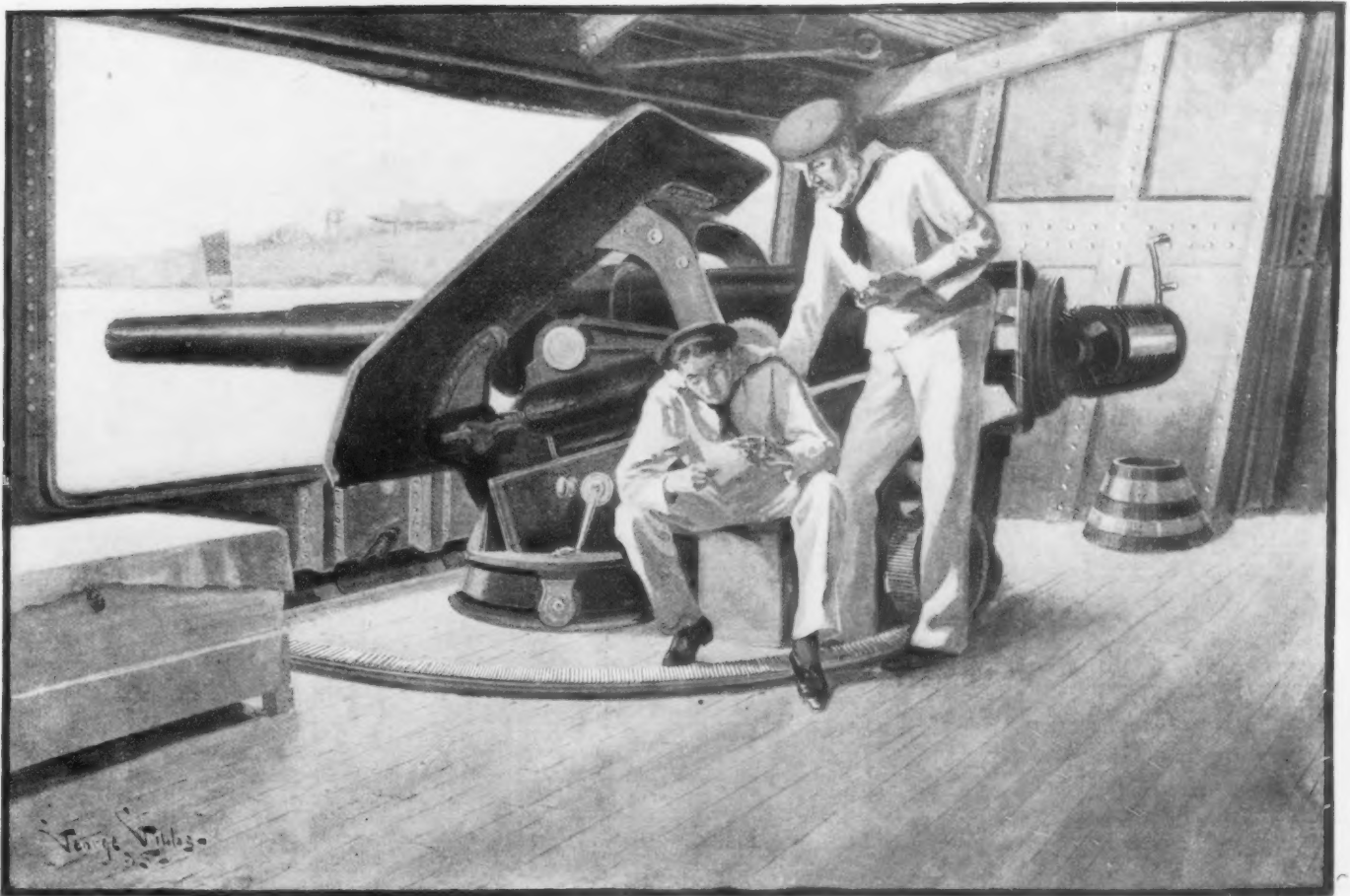
"And then, from the shape's vague sheen,
Quick lures of blue will float,
That melt in luminous green
Round a glimmer of ruby throat!"

"Then you, by thoughts of it stirred,
Will dreamily question them:
'Is it a gem, half-bird,
Or is it a bird, half-gem?'"

A NEWS report states in the course of an account of the opening of Mrs. Leese's career as a preacher that the deaf mutes have taken a great fancy to her discourses. What are we to understand from this, that none other than deaf mutes are able to appreciate her?



SOME PICTURES OF BOSTON AS IT IS.



LETTERS FROM HOME.



ICE-BREAKER AT WORK ON THE ERIE CANAL NEAR ROME.

WITHERED LIPS.

O withered lips so sweetly sad,
And in repose so sweetly sad!
What joys and sorrows you have had
You never may again repeat:
What time those lips were rosy red
Ere yet maturer days had come,
What childish pleasures were said,
What charming things were heard by
some!

O withered lips in sad repose,
And in repose so sweetly sad!
Ah! could you tell us if you chose
Of love's heart-burnings and their
balm:
When raised unto some noble face
One spirit in those lips did move—
The loving hours of loving grace,
The passing hours of passing love,

O withered lips! the end is best,
For still Love's silence is its speech,
You now may know the perfect rest,
And Time the worth of age doth teach:
No more to move to voice the sighs,
No more to seek Love's sweetest sips—
The true love lives when all else dies—
O withered lips!

O withered lips!
—ARTHUR J. LAMB.

SUE'S ADVENTURE.

BY ALICE LOUISE LEE.

MERRY you'd better not put it down just as I tell you, 'cause teacher says that although I'm re-mar-kably smart for a boy of eleven in most things, I ain't much on grammar; and if that part of it ain't right mebbly they won't want to print it. But I'm sure they would, no matter how it's told, if only they'd read far enough to see what Sue done.

First I thought you'd better call it "Sue's Trip to Boston," only Boston ain't got much to do with it. No, I guess it ought to be named just as it is 'cause it was an awful big adventure for Sue—and all of us, too.

Now I'll begin at the beginning. Pa expected to go to Boston in September, and he said he'd take one of us children along with him and ma. He said he should take the most deserving child with him, the one who had earned the trip. He wouldn't say how we could be deserving nor nothing more than just that.

Now Billy he expected pa would take him 'cause he's the oldest boy, a year and a half older'n me, and he says it's always right to do best by the oldest son. And I expected pa would take me, 'cause—well, 'cause of what teacher said about me. Guess it wouldn't sound well to repeat it. Nell thought she could surely go, 'cause she's two years older'n Billy, and she said it was all bosh what Billy said about the oldest son business. She was the oldest of us all, and she expected that would make a difference with pa. Sue didn't expect to go, 'cause she thought she wa'n't deserving; and we all thought so, too. And the baby, of course, would stay over to Aunt Mary's. He was too ugly to go anywhere!

We all did our level best, I tell you, all last summer—except Sue. Nell didn't slap Sue but twice and me and Billy only fit once, and then Billy was to blame. You see, Nell was learning to cook, and she thought if she done a whole lot pa would take her anyway. So she'd tell him every night all she done in the day, but pa would just laugh and not let on he knew what was up at all.

Billy harrowed and rode the hayrake without grumbling, and I read a whole lot and told pa all about the Boston Monument and Bunker Hill Battle and the big new library building. I showed him I knew so much about Boston that I felt sure he'd have to take me along to show him around. But Sue didn't believe she could go at all, so she never did or said a thing extra. She just kept still. Sue don't do much of anything anyway.

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

Where to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game: partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and carriages can be secured at reasonable rates.

For circular showing fishing and gaming resorts, addressed to the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. A. Scott, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

She is big for a girl of ten years old and we call her Lazy. She never does a thing but take care of the baby and wash dishes and set on the ladder to balance it while pa is up on the top round getting a swarm of bees off'n a limb.

You see bee stings don't swell up on Sue like they do on a most every one else. It don't hurt her much to have a stinger or two stuck into her nose, and so she has to help pa with the bees. We have twenty hives set up on benches by the fence back of the house. There are two benches full. When the bees swarm they hang in a big bunch up to the limbs of the trees and pa goes up on a ladder with a tin pail and gets them. When he reaches out to the ends of the limbs the ladder would mebbly kick up at the bottom if Sue didn't set on the lowest round. None of the rest of us could do it 'cause the stings hurt so—at least I never tried, but I've told pa I couldn't over and over again.

But Sue, she just puts on a broad-brim hat with a veil all around that comes down to her neck so'st the bees can't get to her face, and then she puts her hands under her apron most of the time, so she don't get stung much anyway. Then sometimes she helps with the hives and in pa's honey-house—a little one-roomed house up among the hives where the honey is kept. But I guess I'd better stop telling 'bout the bees and get along to other things, only it's important that you should remember about the bees.

One day—let me see, it was the 15th of August. I remember it was, 'cause the day before Billy was thirteen and he give me thirteen spanks 'cause he said that was the way to celebrate birthdays; and I said it was just the other way round, only I was littler'n Billy and couldn't spank back again much. That's the time I told you about when we fit. Yes, it was the 15th, and Aunt Mary she sent for pa to come over there quick 'cause her old horse was sick, and ma wanted to go 'long and get some yeast, so they took baby and went off.

Pa said they'd be back in just two hours and for Billy to dig the early potatoes in the barn lot and me to pick them up, and Sue to clean up the bee-house. And ma said Nell wasn't to leave the house, but was to mop up the back kitchen and be careful of fire. I thought me and Billy ought to stay in the house and protect the money pa had brought home the day before in a black bag all tied up at the mouth like a meal sack; but Billy said I should mind my biz and come pick up potatoes.

So we went into the barn lot and Billy dug and I picked up, and it was hot work I-tell you! By and by Billy said he was awful thirsty. I hadn't thought before, but now I knew my throat was all dried up and I had to have a drink.

So we went into the house. Nell had doused a heap of water on the back kitchen floor and then was too lazy to wipe it up; so she opened the doors and windows and said it would dry all right in two hours. By and by we got to playing tag around the kitchen-table. We hollered to Sue to come, but she said she wouldn't until she'd cleaned up the bee-house. Sue was always contrary.

Just as I was "it," and we was flying around that table, something awful happened. Some one walked right into the room. Two some ones. They was the biggest, awfulest-looking men I ever seen in my life. One had a club with the end as big as Billy's head, and their clothes was all dirt and their faces more so. They looked worse than any Indian in the Wild West Show, and I knew right away they was the tramps ma had been expecting all summer. You see we don't live far from Scranton up the Valley, and a lot of mines had shut down in Scranton and it made piles of tramps. None of them had been our way, but ma she had been on the lookout for them all summer. You see we live on a lonesome road and ma is afraid 'cause we hain't got near neighbors.

Well, the men come right in and looked 'round. Billy he up and sneaked behind the door. I thought that was real mean of him 'cause it didn't leave me no place to slip. One of the men said to the other that they hadn't no time to fool 'round. I remembered then that I hadn't neither, so I made a bee line for the potato patch—or thought I would, only one of them fellers lifted me off'n my feet before I could get to the door and set me down on the old lounge that hard that I had most a mind to faint away. And then I thought I wouldn't, for some one must keep an eye on them tramps and I see Nell was a most used up. She was setting on the lounge, too. And before you could say "Jack Robinson," Billy he was snatched out from behind that door and set along side us.

My! wasn't Billy scared! His teeth chattered. He said mine did, too; but it's no such a thing! I was only biting on a loose tooth.

One of the tramps wanted to know if there was any more younguns 'round, and then he told Billy to speak up lively



and tell him where his par kept money. And Billy he just yelled out there was a lot upon the top shelf in the best tureen in a bag and offered to get it himself. And one of the men grinned and said he had as many feet as Billy and was more at liberty to use them just then, and that if we moved—and then he waved his club.

(Billy wants me to say that if he hadn't a-told where the money was he'd a-been a dead man in no time, and he was afraid that if Nell had seen his head broke open she'd a-been scared to death 'cause girls is so squirmish about them things. I'll put it in to please Billy, but I don't believe a word of it.)

One tramp just stood right over us and waved his club and yelled. At least I say he yelled, and Nell says he never. You can believe which of us you please. The other man went into the buttry and got down the tureen and got the bag out and brought it into the kitchen. They seemed awful surprised to see so much money. They hadn't expected no such haul as that, I guess. They both tried to get the bag into their pockets, but it was too big; so they set it on the end of the table next the open door and began to look 'round again. The one who watched us bossed the business and the other one went back into the buttry to look for silver.

While our feller was glaring at us with the awfulest eyes you ever see something just showed in the window behind him. It was the corner of a hat, and it come up and up and up until we saw it was Sue in her bee hat a-peeking in at the window. She looked at the back of our tramp and then at the money-bag on the table. And then she ducked her head and come along just as still as anything to the door, and her hand come a-reaching and a-reaching in until it grabbed the bag quicker'n lightning. But the gold pieces in it clattered, and our tramp looked 'round and the buttry tramp come running out and they both tore after Sue.

Now I don't want that you should think Sue was any braver'n the rest of us, for she wasn't. She just had more chance than we did, that's all. Her hand shook like sixty when it come in after the bag and I tell you I never seen a scartier girl than she when she made for the beehives. She just heeled it, a-yelling like mad at every step and them men after her; and what do you 'spose she did?

Billy says it was nothing much to think of, but I bet Billy wouldn't never have thought of it, nor Nell neither. Of course I don't know what I might a-thought of, 'cause I'm more used to thinking, for I read more. But what Sue done was great, and I guess you'll think so, too. She made right for the big hive of Italian bees that pa'd been fussing with that morning until they was all stirred up, and mad as anything anyway. Well, Sue she just knocked the cover off'n that hive and slung the bag right down in the hive among them mad bees and then she run along to the end of the bench and watched.

The men see what she'd done and they got to the hive just about the time a million bees come up out of that hive in a cloud and lit right into them tramps. They stuck on their hands and face and ears and hair in a perfect mess. Oh, it was awful! I mean it was awful for them, but just fun for us.

Our man had dropped his club on the floor, and I see it wa'n't as big as Billy's head, only just a common cane. And the men looked so much littler out there a-rolling in the tall grass than they did a-standing over us that I didn't feel a bit 'fraid of them.

They had forgot the money and was kicking and slapping for all they was worth and saying words that our hired man used to say last year when the red cow raised him and the milk pail with her hind feet.

Billy had made off down the road toward Aunt Mary's as hard as he could go. Nell was sniveling out behind the house, but I stood right out on the stoop watching. I was bound to see the fun out.

In about a minute them men got up and run as tight as they could go. They started for the house and I moved quick around the corner to see if pa and ma

was coming in sight yet; but them tramps didn't stop to see anything. They went into the woods lively and we never see them again; but we heard of them a few days after in a Scranton hospital all poisoned up awful.

Pa and ma come right home when Billy got to Aunt Mary's. Ma was scartier'n most to death, but pa looked queer at Sue and fished the bag out of the hive and asked who ought to go to Boston! And no one said nothing, but we all knew who pa would take; but I thought how would they get around the place without me to show them and tell things I'd read.

A NEW MOTIVE FOR MURDER.

BY ARTHUR FIELD.

"THERE is nothing new in the fact that important papers are missing from the District Attorney's office," said Carlton Rhodes, detective and newspaper man, as he settled down in a corner of the reporter's room, with the air of a person who is going to unbother himself of a big double-column, double-leaded, spread-head mystery. "You remember the Melrose murder case, of course?" said Rhodes, as the boys drew up and prepared to listen to Rhody's latest, which was bound, according to precedent, to be something extremely extraordinary and colossally remarkable.

Every one in the room, of course, remembered the Melrose mystery, which only dated a couple of years back, and had not yet been relegated to the museum of antiquities.

"All right, I'll tell you the sequel to what was told in the newspapers about it at the time, and you'll see another proof that there are plenty of men who ought to be hung that die with a Tribby necktie round their throats instead of assisting the Cordage Trust to declare larger dividends by wearing a hempen collar, and vice versa," replied the immortal Rhodes.

"The man who committed the crime, actually, though not legally, is now serving his time in the spook penitentiary. I presume," continued the reporter; "and outside of the chances of getting sued for criminal libel I don't need to hold my tongue, for I am not a believer in the sentimental twaddle which forbids the saying of anything detrimental about a person who happens to be dead. For the benefit of those who don't just recall the facts in the Melrose case, exactly," said Rhodes, "I'll recapitulate the salient points of the story."

"The victim of the tragedy, Miss Melrose, was a young woman employed as typewriter in an office located in one of the large downtown buildings of this city. The rooms occupied by the young woman's employer were two in number, comprising the outer or general office, opening directly on to the public corridor, which was generally kept open for convenience and ventilation, and an inner, or private office, used by the principal himself. The typewriter, Miss Melrose, a young man named Rankin, married, but separated from his wife, and an errand boy, were the only employees of the office; and their employer being generally absent on business, the three were left alone together most of the time.

"The typewriter's desk was situated directly in front of the door, and at the hour for stopping work Miss Melrose had put on her hat and wrap, and was standing with her back to the entrance door, looking out of the window into the street, while buttoning on her gloves preparatory to departure. Rankin, her fellow-clerk, was supposed to have been engaged with some work in the inner office at the time.

"Suddenly a shot was fired, whether by Miss Melrose, herself, or by some one else had yet to be positively determined; and the young woman, with a ghastly wound in her head, from which the life-blood flowed, fell to the floor.

"Rankin, presumably alarmed by the shot, flew to her side, and shouted for assistance; but Miss Melrose died shortly

afterward, and her fellow-clerk was arrested charged with the murder.

"He was subsequently convicted of the crime upon strong circumstantial evidence, showing that the pistol with which the deed was done belonged to him, Rankin, and that he had purchased cartridges for it a day or two previous to the tragedy.

"His counsel appealed the case, and asked for another trial on the ground that important new evidence would be forthcoming, and it was at this juncture that I decided on interviewing the Assistant District Attorney who had charge of the case. Well, gentlemen," said Rhodes at this point, "there is nothing in an ordinary way remarkable about having an interview with one of the bright young men who generally constitute the District Attorney's staff of assistants. The peculiar circumstances of the Melrose mystery were, however, so out of the ordinary that my interview proved the most interesting affair of the kind that I ever took part in. I am free to confess that I never in my life felt such a sensation creep into the marrow of my bones as I did on that summer afternoon when I looked into the eyes of the Assistant District Attorney.

"I could see that my visit was a surprise and that its purpose was not in any way a mystery to him. I have watched the light of terror in the eye of an antelope before transforming it into venison by the almost simultaneous crack of the rifle, and the look in the District Attorney's eyes was something similar to it, when I walked into the office, nonchalantly enough, and quietly gave him the good-afternoon.

"Won't you be seated, Mr. Rhodes?" said the lawyer, motioning me to a seat in front of him, and looking round to see if there was any one else in the room.

"As I had been busy with the Melrose case, and had written several letters to one of the morning papers about it under my own initials, I knew that my *vis-a-vis*, whom I shall call Lewis, to obviate having an anonymous character in my story, had followed my movements in connection with the matter very closely.

"I have come to see you, Counselor Lewis," said I, as he crossed his legs and looked me squarely in the face, as he would a witness during cross-examination, "in reference to the Melrose murder case and as to the probability of securing Rankin's acquittal. I seriously object to see you lawyers hustle an innocent man off into eternity when some one else, whom we both know pretty well, ought to go to the gallows in place of him."

"The Assistant District Attorney smiled at me as I uttered those words with a smile that I shall never forget. It was so calm and complacent a smile that I knew the devil had suddenly come, somehow, to his rescue and braced him up with a demoniacal courage. There was something, in fact, in that peculiar smile that made a person involuntarily shudder.

"There is no doubt, Mr. Rhodes," replied Lewis, presently, in the mildest accents, "that you are an exceedingly clever detective, but at the same time I think that I can compliment my client on having just as good a lawyer."

"The look of terror on the face of Mr. Lewis had changed to a smirk, and I now sat facing a level-headed lawyer instead of a skulking criminal, upon whom I had chanced to obtain the drop, and whom I could force with very little trouble in making, to me at least, a full and immediate confession. Verily, the greatest of all human faculties, after all, is self-possession, the vulgar substitute for which is ordinary, every-day American 'gall.'

"Let us go over this matter quite calmly together, now you are here," said Lewis. "I will state at the outset that I do not care a fig for yourself or any other

person who may wish to make themselves officious and ridiculous by bringing irrelevant facts or theories to bear upon this matter. We have got to hang Rankin, whether you object to the performance or not, and I have no intention of acting as a substitute for him at the gallows. So far as the law goes he is practically in the hands of the executioner already, and it would require a special act of Congress to save his life, because the facts of the evidence are entirely against him, and he is the most probable person to have committed the murder. You will admit that, I suppose, or else you will not admit anything at all."

"I bowed my head affirmatively, because the Assistant District Attorney was in this case speaking the entire truth, and there was no gainsaying the fact that 'it was easier to believe that Rankin had committed the crime than that any other person had done so.'

"To commence at the beginning, the consideration of any other cause of death than murder would be absurd," said Lewis, "owing to the evidence of the French detective, whose testimony completely covered that phase of the case. He showed that in over twenty cases of suicide by means of the revolver there was not one instance in which powder burns were not distinctly visible under the microscope in cases where the bullet directly penetrated the flesh. In this case, although the bullet entered the head behind the ear, the most rigorous search failed to reveal the slightest trace of any marks or burns on Miss Melrose's cuticle. This disposes very thoroughly of the suicide theory, and the only other point to bother the prosecution was the question of motive on the part of Rankin. There may have been a slight lack of absolute proof that he was intimate enough with Miss Melrose to necessitate her removal for the sake of his own safety; but proof of this is never very necessary in such cases, because public opinion is always ready to accept such circumstances as being the most probable."

"These statements would doubtless be all very convincing unless there were other proofs to be considered, Mr. Lewis," I interposed, sternly, endeavoring to shake the impenetrable front which he had assumed now, that for some purpose or other the lawyer believed he had me at the same disadvantage under which I believed I had him at the commencement of the interview. "You will now, please, Mr. Lewis, listen to a statement of actual and not imaginary facts," I said, with a decided insistence in my tones. "If it will give you any satisfaction I will here state that I am thoroughly aware how difficult it is to prove facts when they wear an appearance of improbability. I will confess that much, although that unfortunate circumstance will not prevent me from making every attempt within my power to have them believed and to have them proven."

"The colorless cheek of the Assistant District Attorney seemed to blanch an almost imperceptible shade, and his restless eyes shot a momentarily furtive look at me as I proceeded to give my side of the story of the Melrose murder."

"In the first place," I commenced, "as there is a lady involved in the case the first thing to be done is to clear her name of any stigma; and I have satisfied myself, upon unquestionable authority, that the assumption of her having an intrigue with Rankin, or any one else, is an abominable slander. She died as pure as she was born, and had no more personal interest in Rankin than he had in her, which was limited entirely to the fact that the two held positions in the same office together."

"How, then, did it come about that Mrs. Rankin was jealous of the typewriter?" promptly challenged the Assistant District Attorney.

"A woman's unreasonable suspicions or a liar's misrepresentations," I sharply responded to his caviling.

"That's too rich for anything. I don't think there is any need for going further if you are going to talk such improbable nonsense as this," retorted Lewis, with a sneer.

"What about the story of the office boy, Phelan, Mr. Lewis?" I answered, sharply, expecting him to suddenly lose his remarkable swagger and collapse as abruptly as he had regained his composure.

"Well, that is certainly a remarkable little story," replied Lewis, speaking the words slowly and with an unquestionable sneer. "But," added the Assistant District Attorney, "I understand that while Rankin was out on bail he and the boy spent a great deal of time together. It was very easy, you will admit, for those two to have concocted just such a story. Let me see! I believe the boy stated that he saw a hand, holding a pistol, protruding through the outer doorway of the office, just before the shot was fired, and that the arm or hand exactly resembled mine! Now, outside of a dime novel



I rarely remember having heard such a weird story made probable. So, in order to make a wildly incredible statement, emanating from a half-witted office boy, possible, an Assistant District Attorney has to go to work and murder a young woman, who, according to your own statement, is an extremely respectable person, and to try to get an innocent person hanged for doing it, for no earthly reason at all. By what method of reasoning could you, indeed, persuade yourself, Mr. Rhodes, an intelligent searcher after facts, to listen to such an unreasonable story, and to attempt to bolster it up with any kind of an argument?"

"It is a strange fact that reasonable as the Assistant District Attorney's remarks appeared to be, and grossly improbable as my own hypothesis would be made to seem by his ingenious method of pointing out the logical defects of it, I grew more convinced every moment that my suspicions were correct, and that however preposterous they might appear they were nevertheless true."

"As I have made a very careful analysis of the case, indeed, Mr. Lewis," I replied, "it will be just as well for you to hear why I support so apparently untenable a theory, and attach importance to a story which you deride with such unreasonable haste. In the first place, I will tell you frankly that I am not such a fool as to class you with the average, every-day murderer. You are a product, sir, of the new civilization, which develops new species of crimes as it does new conditions in all lines of action and thought. You are a victim of a new mental disease, which may be termed professional mania, and which incites to crimes of varying degrees of responsibility. You are not, in fact, guilty of having really murdered anybody at all, although you will actually kill two persons in obeying the instincts of your mania. What you are really guilty of is the crime of proving a person's guilt in order to pander to the clamor of public opinion, and incidentally to benefit by the act, because we are all constituted so that any action we take is instigated by a hope of reward in some shape or other. I have no difficulty whatever, now that I am firmly convinced that you killed Miss Melrose, in showing exactly why you did it and how you will benefit by having done so. In fact, if you will allow me to demonstrate the logic of my hypothesis to you, I can prove much more clearly that it was more to your interest to have committed the crime than it would have been to Rankin's to have done it."

"Lewis was listening intently to my statement and did not attempt to stop the torrent of my words, for I was now speaking swiftly, and in a tone of earnest conviction that almost defied interruption, so I proceeded."

"Two or more years ago, Mr. Lewis, you were one of the most ambitious young lawyers in the city. I know, from the inquiries that I have made into the matter, that you had made it the ambition of your life to become District Attorney of this city. You were so devoted to your profession that your health suffered in consequence. This was a serious blow for you. It allowed Assistant District Attorney Knowles, a man far your inferior in mental attainments and legal knowledge, to snatch from you the honors to which you had aspired, leaving you for a time a dispirited, hopeless and broken-down man. You have been waiting for a cause celebre to come along in which, by good fortune, you might get an opportunity to display your wonderful ability as a prosecuting attorney. But your rivals know as well as yourself that you are ambitious for place and power. They have seen to it that you had few opportunities to get your name before the public. You are, you see, counselor, in a desperate strait. You have worked all the best years of your life to attain something which you feel to be slipping from your grasp, forever. But a brain which has necessarily been compelled to read and discover the plotting of other minds will naturally do a little plotting on its own account. I see you sitting in your office, counselor, hopelessly waiting for the opportunity which jealous rivals conspire to deprive

you of. Then the devil, in the shape of an idea, hovers around you. Some trifling occurrence in the office opposite to your own attracts your attention and suggests a tragedy there. You, perhaps almost unconsciously, sketch out a chain of circumstances and prepare an imaginary brief. There is an opportunity in the office, close at your hand, for a murder mystery, which will provide you with an opportunity to once more get before the public eye. It would be one that no rival could snatch from you, because you would be too well prepared to permit of such a disaster; and, happening right in the building where you are located, it would be only natural that the case should be yours. For days the fascination of that plot grows upon you. You even go so far as to make an outline of the brief you would prepare."

"A lie!" thundered the Assistant District Attorney, as I reached this point in my story.

(Concluded next week.)

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